The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

The Fitz-John Porter bill having passed both Houses of Congress, the next thing in order is an appropriation to build a strong insane asylum to—put in senator Logan.

The Philadelphia *Times* celebrated its 10th anniversary by issuing a sextuple sheet, 24 pages. This is the largest paper ever issued in that city, and the make-up is clean and tasty. Its advertising pages are attractive and its reading matter of a quality to be worth reading, every line of it. The *Times* is a credit to the whole state, and we are glad of its deserved prosperity.

The presidential feeling in this state, o far as counties have taken action, is mostly in favor of Randall with the Democrats and Blaine with Republicans, for President. In Centre county, same as four years ago, the Republican sentiment is also for Blaine.

The surveyors of the Seaboard, Pennsylvania and Western Railroad line surveyed the route from Allensville to Mill Creek the second time, and have begun to locate the road from near Belleville through the valley. As soon as the road is located, the right of way will be asked for or purchased. Committees of citizens have been appointed to solicit the right of way for the railroad and it is expected that subscriptions will be raised to pay damages in certain cases. So says the Lewistown *Sentinel*.

Out of party considerations Republican newspapers will please not make a note of this: A Democratic journal in the coal regions after publishing the following item, said, ironically, they ought to appreciate the advantage of "protection (?)." The wages of the miners in the colleries of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, were reduced forty cents a day and the pay of the laborers who held them reduced 20 cents a day. All this with only work to do three days in a week.

The New York *Times*, the leading Republican paper, with the *Evening Post* and Chicago *Tribune*, are among the strongest advocates of the Morrison tariff in the country. The *Times'* arguments are of a peculiar character, and addressed to the pockets of the consumers. For instance it prints this comparison in the prices of men's clothing in New York and London, as an argument for tariff reform:

For instance, a broad-cloth dress-suit which costs $50 in New York costs only $22 in London.

A heavy business suit which costs $30 in New York, costs but $13 in London.

A spring serge overcoat which costs $20 in New York, cost but $8.50 in London.

A winter beaver overcoat which costs $35 in New York, costs but $14.50 in London.

A silk hat which costs $5 in New York, costs but $3 in London.

These articles altogether cost in New York $140. In London they cost but $61. The man who buys these clothes, therefore, in New York pays $79 more for them than he could buy them for in London.

It will not tend to Gen. Beaver's healthfulness to be proposed for so many offices by his "friends." One puts him forward for U. S. Senator; another for Governor; another for Vice President, and yet another for President. General Beaver will be killed by this kind of kindness, and when it comes to shaking up the hat he will be lost in the multitude of proposed places for him. Now we would like if General Beaver would say what *he* wants and stick to that, and if any "friend" sets him up for any thing else, the quicker he hits him between the blinkers the better.

The cattle disease which has broken out in Kansas is causing great alarm, and has induced the Governor of the State to adopt prompt measures to stamp out the disease by ordering the killing of infected herds.

"Grit," the pleasant Williamsport weekly, has passed into the hands of H. M. Wolf, Jr., and is independent for any paper in that city, having heretofore been published by the Sun & Banner firm, of which Mr. Wolf was chief. "Grit" will now receive all the attention of our genial and able friend Wolf, and will be rendered more readable than ever.

When the blood is loaded with impurities, and moves sluggishly in the veins, an alterative is needed, as this condition of the vital fluid cannot last long without serious results. There is nothing better than Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood, and impart energy to the system.

The Cœur d'Alene mining fever has become epidemic. A correspondent of the Denver *Tribune* says there has been "nothing like it since California and the days of '49." California, Montana, Idaho, the Black Hills and the East are pouring in prospectors, miners, broken-down business men, gamblers and paupers at the rate of two hundred a day. There are now 3,000 men at the mines, and it is believed that the number will double by the end of March. But the gold, if there is any, is under ground, while the snow, of which there if any quantity, is from two to five feet above the ground. Whatever hope or prospect there may be for the future, the miners must remain idle for many weeks, and many who are there will exhaust their means and may have to beg their way home, if they do not starve there. Stories of severe suffering already are told. One large prospecting party has not been heard from, and is probably lost in the snow. The excitement is based wholly upon the reported richness of the placer diggings on Pritchard Creek. On the strength of extravagant stories thousands are flocking in to freeze and starve there. The wise will at least wait for warmer weather.

From a further account of the recent battle in Egypt we clip the following:

The wounded Arabs would lie motionless without uttering a single cry or moan, and watch their chance to stab the advancing British with a knife or spear. The victors walk among the wounded as among so many vipers. One wounded Arab killed a British marine during the night, and another attempted to stab Col. Stewart while aide-de-camp was giving the wounded man water. Admiral Hewitt to-day sent out a fresh circular to the tribes warning them if they did not obey the summons to submit, the fate of the Arabs who fell at Teb and Tamenieb will overtake them.

AGAINST ARTHUR.

Indications show that the time is near at hand when Senator Miller, Collector Robertson, Whitelaw Reid, George William Curtis, and other representative Independent Republicans will openly antagonize President Arthur in New York with a view of defeating his nomination. They will take the position that Arthur can not carry New York or Ohio, and that, regardless of everything else, this is sufficient reason why the Republican party should nominate some one else.

Senator Miller has been very quiet in his movements, but it is now fully understood that he is irrevocably committed against the President.

Gov. Curtin has our thanks for bound copies of the Congressional Globe.

Legislator Merry, of Clinton county, wants to return to Harrisburg for another term, but an opposition to him was developed lately on account of his drawing his extra pay after introducing the anti-salary bill and voting to sustain the Governor's veto.

Last week some half dozen Republican county conventions endorsed Blaine for President, and the run in most of the counties is for the Maine statesman; the machine, like four years ago, is again him. Now will the people boss the machine, or will the machine boss the people?

Two prominent gentlemen who within the last eight days visited Samuel J. Tilden, say that he will not accept a nomination for President if tendered him. These gentlemen speak of Mr. Tilden being bodily feeble but mentally strong.

IS ARTHUR A FREE TRADER?

In his annual message to Congress in 1882, President Arthur made the following recommendations:

"I recommend an enlargement of the free list so as to include within it the numerous articles which yield inconsiderable revenue, a simplification of the complexed and inconsistent schedule of duties upon certain manufactures, particularly those upon cotton, iron and steel, and a substantial reduction of the duties upon those articles and upon sugar, molasses, silk, wool and woolen goods."

Now, Mr. Morrison's tariff reform bill simply carries out that recommendation. Radical politicians, for partisan effect, allege that it is a free trade bill. The question, therefore, is a pertinent one—is the President a free trader?

Whether the United States are to regain their former pre-eminent rank as a commercial and naval power on the seas is a question that no American can contemplate with indifference. The subject is discussed with marked ability in the "North American Review" for April, by the Hon. Nelson Dingley, M. C., who opposes the project of admitting foreign built ships to American register, and by Capt. John Codman, who is well known as a zealous advocate of that measure. Judge J. A. Jameson, in the same number of the Review, discusses the question, "Shall Our Civilization be Preserved," pointing out the means that are at hand for withstanding the various agencies, physical, moral and intellectual, which threaten to overturn our existing civil and social institutions. The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff gives a sketch of the "Development of Religious Freedom." Dr. Felix L. Oswald writes of "Changes in the Climate of North America," with special reference to the increasing frequency of disastrous floods. Prof. C. A. Eggert offers "A Plea of Modern Languages" in the higher education; and Julian Hawthorne discourses of "Literature for Children." Finally, there is a discussion of "Recent Criticisms of the Bible," by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton and the Rev. A. G. Mortimer.

OSMAN WHIPPED.

A Crushing Defeat for the Valiant Rebel.

Suakin, March 13.—The battle this morning was a terrific and decisive one, much heavier than the engagement at Teb, and resulted in the killing of 2,400 of Osman Digna's forces, the demoralization and flight of the rest, and the occupation by Gen. Graham of the camp recently occupied by Osman. The rebel hosts fought like demons, seeming infuriate and utterly indifferent to death or wounds, and contested every inch of ground with an obstinacy which, had they been better armed, would have given them the victory. The rebels literally threw themselves on the British forces at all points, only to meet instant death. The slaughter was terrible. The British loss is 100 killed, many of whom were officers, and 150 wounded.

Shortly after 1 o'clock this morning the rebels under Osman Digna opened a heavy fire on General Graham's camp, eleven miles from here. The British soldiers were instantly alert and the men were formed into squares preparatory to receiving an attack which was momentarily expected, but no attack came. The rebels kept up the firing until daybreak without drawing a reply from the British troops. The British casualties during the night were one officer and two men wounded and one man killed. At daybreak the British troops fired a few shells in the direction whence the rebel shots came, which caused the enemy to retire within the trenches, leaving a number of dead on the field. The rebel scouts also retired.

The battle, which lasted until noon, was a series of close and desperate fights. At one time a large force of the rebels charged down upon the Second brigade like men inflamed with desperate ferocity, shouting and yelling and utterly heedless of death, and succeeded in capturing all the Gatlings and gunners belonging to the brigade. General Graham ordered a bayonet charge. The gallant troops went for the enemy, and a fearful hand-to-hand fight ensued for the possession of the guns, which the British finally succeeded in recapturing. The latter following up their advantage, continued to press the rebels, who could not run, but continued to retire slowly, striking blow after blow until they were driven beyond their camp, when Gen. Graham ordered a halt. Osman's camp was found full of loot.

The Hussars made a forward movement and cut off the rebels' retreat to Sinkat. They hope to save the families of the masacred garrison.

Numbers of rebels still hover around the camp and fire, where cattle are being watered. The native guides bolted when the square was broken. Further fighting is improbable.

The battle raged for 2½ hours, and the least estimate of the rebel loss is 4,000 killed and 6,000 wounded.

Ready-made window shades at Garmans.

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

II.

The war ended twenty years ago, but still we have the excessive war tariff. True a tariff Commission was appointed last year to adjust the tariff so as to conform more to the present state of affairs. The Commission was composed principaly of Republicans and avowed protectionists. After a careful consideration of the question, they concluded that a reduction of 25 per cent. should be made. The result of the work of this Commission was the insignificant cutting down of these taxes only 2½ to 3 per cent.

The Treasury of the United States contains one hundred and forty million dollars surplus revenue, derived from this taxation. This enormous sum is yearly wrenched from the people. The Government has no use for it. For years past Republican Congresses have lobbeyed and jobbed away this surplus. It is the cause of so much corrupt legislation, of which the infamous River and Harbor bill last year is a notable example. And yet, although there is no use for this money, these heavy taxes are constantly collected, and just so much money unjustly and illegally taken from the people. It is the intention of the Democratic party to redress this abuse. As soon as they announced this intention, an awful cry was raised by the protectionists that the infant industries of our country were in danger; that our established manufacturing interests were going to be ruined; that our workingmen would be ground down to the condition of the "pauper labor of England;" and other such silly, sentimental bosh. When an honest and careful investigation is made of these charges, they are at once seen to be unfounded and false. We propose to prove this in what follows by facts and figures that cannot be denied. And first we will touch on the subject of tariff in relation to the workingman. The banner under which protectionists travel is that the tariff is principally for the good of the workingman. An examination of the question shows that

A protective tariff does not benefit the workingman, but on the contrary really helps to oppress him.—Twenty-five years ago the average tariff was 19 per cent., at the present time it is about 45 per cent. Protectionists claim that a high tariff is beneficial for the workingman. If that is true, then the condition of the workingman at present ought to be much better than it was twenty or twenty-five years ago. Let us look and see. Official statistics collected from different parts of the country prove, beyond dispute, that the cost of living has increased ond-third during the last twenty years. The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, after having carefully prepared a table showing what one dollar would buy in 1860, and what one dollar would buy in 1881, found that the average prices is one-third higher for the period covered by a high protective tariff than for the period previous to the war, when the tariff was comparatively low. Now this is official, and cannot be disputed. We select a few examples from the tables: In 1860 $1 would buy over 25 pounds of flour; in 1881 less than 20 lbs. In 1860 $1 would rent a four-room house for 6¾ days; in 1881 for 3¾ days. In 1860 $1 would give a man board for 2½; in 1881 for less than ½ day. In 1860 $1 would buy 9¾ lbs. of roasting beef; in 1881 not quite six pounds. In 1860 $ would buy 312 pounds of coal; in 1881 only 256 lbs. Quite a number of other equally striking comparisons might be shown but these few are sufficient to illustrate the point. Now then, according to the reasoning of protectionists, the wages should not only have increased during the same period one-third, but even more. Let us turn to the sensus of 1880 and see what it will show us. From comparism of workingmen's wages for 1880 with that of 1860, we find that wages have increased only *one-tenth*. And yet the cost of living has increased one-third. Here are facts. What benefit is it to the laborer if he gets more money in wages when he must pay over and above his earnings for the necessaries of life? A high tax never has, never will, and never can, improve the condition of our workingmen. It may artificially raise wages, but it raises the cost of living still higher. Let any workingman calmly sit down and ponder over these facts—and they are derived from official statistics—and see whether he will prefer to be taxed for the purpose of increasing his wages. Any unprejudiced man would very soon say no. What difference will it make to a man if he can possess a pleasant home, have the comforts of life, good clothing, more spare time, more change, with wages at $1 per day, or wonting these things, and wages at $2 per day? Now this is just exactly the case with English mechanics. They are more comfortably situated than our American workingmen; and yet they receive smaller wages in money. The purchasing power of their money is greater than that of the American workingman's money. The result of a day's work will give the English workingman better things to eat and drink; better clothing to wear, better home, and more pleasant surroundings than that of his brother across the sea. This is not talk, but plain truth. Almost everything the American purchases has its price raised on account of this tariff. The following are a few, and but a few instances of the result of this tax: Gloves are taxed 50 per cent; hats, 25 per cent; clothing 45 per cent; books, 25 per cent; woden blankets, 75 per cent; underclothing, 75 per cent; soap, 20 per cent; harness, 35 per cent; crockery, 60 per cent; coal, 70 per cent. If he wants to build a house, he is taxed 45 per cent for the iron; 35 per cent for the bricks; 20 per cent for the lumber; 45 per cent for the paint; 80 per cent for the window glass; 25 per cent for the wall paper, and 30 per cent for slate roofing. This is done as the advocates of high tariff say, "to protect the workingman!"

Now this is under the assumption that the working man is constantly employed. Every time a mill shuts down; every time a furnace blows out; every time a manufacturing establishment closes up, the workingman is thrown out of employment, and is deprived of means for support. But what is still more galling, is that on the coarser qualities of goods, such as the workingman is compelled to buy, the tariff is much heavier than on the finer qualities purchased and used only by the wealthy. The poor man spends all, or nearly all, of his earnings for clothing and food, while but a small portion of the rich man's income is spent in this way. Almost every newspaper contains accounts of the suspension of work in different industrial departments; and this, as we will afterwards show, is due to a protective tariff, and means just so much more misery and suffering for the laboring classes. Besides, the working man, with all these drawbacks, must compete with the cheap laboring foreigners, who live upon the very cheapest and meanest food, and consequently labor for much less than the American workingman receives. And there is no protection for the laborer in this. Shipload after shipload of these foreigners come into our country and very soon find employment, very ofter at the expense of some American workingmen. It is a very noticeable fact that the manufacturer who is continually howling for protection, both for himself and his workingmen, as he says, never scruples to employ a cheap laboring foreigner in place of his American workingman.

And while on this subject we might as well turn our attention to the hue and cry so often raised, that if the United States adopts a lower tariff policy, or even free-trade, her workingmen will soon degenerate and the land be filled with paupers, as in the case of England, a free-trade nation. This is one of the sentimental, trashy things with which protectionists bolster up their cause. When a careful examination is made of the question it is seen to be as hollow as a great many of their other arguments. Now there is no denying that England has paupers—in fact she has something like a million, all told—but there is no relation of cause and effect between free trade and pauperism in England. The claim is made at the same time that the United States are free from these paupers because the country has adopted protection. There is no legitimate reason for comparing the paupers of the one country with those of the other, and claiming that England has paupers because it has free trade, and that America has none because it is a protection nation.

***

TIME AND PLACE FIXED.

New York's Republican Convention to Meet in Utica April 23.

NEW YORK, March 5.—The Republican state committee met in the Fifth Avenue hotel to name the place and time for the state convention which is to elect the delegates at large from this state to the national convention. All the members except F. D. Moulton were present, either in person or by proxy. After some discussion, it was resolved that the convention should be held in Utica on April 23. Then the question whether the delegates to the convention should name the congress district delegates to the national convention, or whether they should be chosen by conventions held in the various congress districts, was decided by the adoption of the following:

"This committee recommend and advise that the delegates to the next Republican national convention be elected by conventions in and for the respective congressional districts, and that the ratio of representation therefor in districts now without any district representation, and without any understanding as to basis of representation, be based upon the Republican vote cast in the assembly districts at the last presidential election, the various assembly districts to be entitled to the same representation as they respectively had in the last state convention, unless otherwise agreed upon by the several congressional districts."

The call adopted announces that at the state convention there will be elected, besides the four delegates at large and their alternates, two delegates and two alternates from each congressional district in the method provided by the Republican national committee, when such delegates may not have been chosen previous to the meeting of the state convention.

Carroll E. Smith, of Syracuse, moved that the state convention choose the presidential electors and nominate candidates for judges of the court of appeals. The motion was voted down by seventeen to fifteen.

The convention will be composed of 497 delegates, of whom 79 will be from New York. The state committee will meet at Braggs' hotel, in Utica, on Tuesday, April 22, at 8 P. M.

The general opinion of the state committeemen is that President Arthur will have a good majority of the New York delegates to the national convention. Some of the country members said that in several congressional districts James G. Blaine was the favorite.

Hoboken's Missing Collector.

NEW YORK, March 7.—John McMahon, collector of revenue for the city of Hoboken, disappeared twelve days ago, and his prolonged absence has caused the mayor to call a meeting of the members of the finance committee and McMahon's bondsmen. The case looks suspicious and it has been determined to open the collector's safes.

GARDEN GROWTH TEAS.

Families can save about one-half by sending to us for Teas, as we import our own, and have done so for forty years. THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN TEA CO.

Send for circular, which gives prices and full particulars, to ROBERT WELLS, President, P. O. Box 1287. 43 Vessey St., New York.

ONE DOLLAR'S worth of our own garden growth, China or Japan Teas, sent by mail, post paid, or a larger quantity by express, charges paid. 13feb3m

POTTER TOWNSHIP AUDITORS' REPORT.—

Receipts and Expenditures for the Year ending March 10, 1884.

		DR.	CR.
1883.	SUPERVISOR, Peter Rearick		
March 12.	To balance due Twp	$220 23	
March 10, 1884.	By cash		68 13
"	Allowance for labor		9 60
"	Percentage		2 95
"	Balance		139 55
		$220 23	$220 23
	To balance due Twp		$139 55
1883.	SUPERVISOR, John Emerick.	DR.	
March 12.	To balance due Twp	294 01	
1884, Mar. 10.	To Am't of Dup	705 15	
		$999 16	
1884, March 10.			CR.
By	labor paid	$702 30	
By	79 days service	79 00	
By	exonerations	79	
By	balance	217 07—	999 16
To	balance due Township		217 07
1883.	SUPERVISOR, James Runkle.	DR.	
March 12.	To balance due Twp.	128 47	
1884, Mar. 10.	To am't Dup	659 36	
To	cash from Auditors	34 03—	821 86
March 10			CR.
By	labor paid	652 28	
By	damages paid S. Miller	40 00	
By	damages p'd W. Mulberger	5 00	
By	timber for bridges	6 00	
By	error in duplicate	4 91	
By	84½ days service	84 50	
By	balance	29 17—	821 86
To	balance		$ 29 17
1883.	OVERSEER POOR, Jac. Meiss.	DR.	
March 12.	To balance due twp.	$ 96 31	
1884, Mar. 10.	To am't Dup	902 36—	998 67
1884, March 10.			CR.
By	exonerations on Dup., 1882.	1 75	
By	relief to Wm. Bethlehem	180 61	
"	Fike Child	122 60	
"	J. Nevil	66 81	
"	Geo. McMinn	28 61	
"	Mrs. Carlin	1 50	
"	E. Pennington	25	
"	Eliza Jordan	124 15	
By	legal services paid	1 00	
By	medical attendance	65 00	
By	Making duplicate	4 80	
By	error in Duplicate	58	
By	46 days service	46 00	
By	percentage	45 10	
By	balance	310 50—	998 67
To	balance		$310 50
1883.	OVERSEER POOR, Peter Hoffer.	DR.	
March 12.	To balance due Twp.	$303 54	
"	Am't Duplicate	918 47—	$1222 01
March 10, 1884.			CR.
By	relief Mrs. Meiss	123 12	
"	Mrs. Treaber	77 97	
"	Daniel Keen	94 54	
"	Wm. Tobias	84 29	
"	Bethlehem boy	46 00	
"	Daniel Fauber	102 00	
"	Geo. Shepperd	85 41	
"	Mrs. Carlin	138 47	
"	Fred Erhart	50 00	
By	legal services	10 00	
By	40 days service	40 00	
By	exonerations for 1882	40	
By	percentage	45 92	
By	balance	323 89—	$1222 01
TREAS. OF AUDIT, W. W. Spangler.		DR.	
1884, March 10.	To cash		$23 10
March 10.			DR.
By	cash paid A. C. Ripka	1 50	
"	W. B. Mingle	1 50	
"	J. W. Runkle	1 50	
"	W. W. Spangler	1 50	
By	cash D. J. Meyer room rent	2 00	
"	F. Kurtz printing	15 00	
"	stationery	10—	$23 10

We, the undersigned Auditors of Potter Twp., have examined the above accounts and find them correct.

W. B. MINGLE,
J. W. RUNKLE,
W. W. SPANGLER,
Auditors.

A. C. RIPKA,
Town Clerk.

Centre Hall, March 10, 1884.

STORIES ON THE ROAD.

Commercial Travelers at a Wayside Inn —Something to Put in a Gripsack.

"Gentlemen, I almost envy you the position you fill; your experience of the world; your knowledge of business; the changing sights you see, and all that, you know.'

This warmly expressed regret fell from the lips of an elderly pleasure tourist, last August, and was addressed to a semicircle of commercial travelers seated on the porch of the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

"Yes," responded a New York representative of the profession, "a drummer isn't without his pleasures, but he runs his risks, too—risks outside the chances of railroad collisions and steamboat explosions."

"What risks for instance?"

"This, for instance," said Mr. W. D. Franklin, who was then traveling for an eastern house, and is known to merchants in all parts of the country: "The risk—which, indeed, amounts almost to a certainty—of getting the dyspepsia from the perpetual change of diet and water and from having no fixed hours for eating and sleeping. I myself was an example. I say I was, for I am all right now."

"No discount on your digestion?" broke in a Chicago dry goods traveler, lighting his cigar afresh.

"Not a quarter per cent. But I had to give up traveling for a while. The dyspepsia ruined my paper. Finally I came across an advertisement of PARKER'S TONIC. I tried it, and it fixed me up to perfection. There is nothing on earth, in my opinion, equal to it as a cure for dyspepsia."

Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York, the proprietors, hold a letter from Mr. Franklin stating that precise fact. PARKER'S TONIC aids digestion, cures Malarial Fevers, Heartburn, headache, Coughs and Colds, and all chronic diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. Put a bottle in your valise. Prices, 50c. and $1. Economy in larger size. mar

——The Philad. Branch is putting out clothing faster than ever before. Lewins & Co. have put down the prices of winter clothing so low, that nearly everybody is buying a suit to save money. They are selling low to get rid of stock and make room for the spring trade. Don't miss this chance for a bargain. You can't do so well anywhere in the state as at the Philad. Branch.

——Druggist Murray reports a growing demand for McDonald's celebrated Worm Powders.

——Our new townsman, Will Ruble, has bought the stage route from Centre Hall to Milroy.

☞A New Suit.—Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10c at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

OBITUARY.

The death of Joseph Gramley on Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, caused quite a surprise in our community, although to his intimate friends it came not unexpected. He had been ill for about a year during which time, however, his former robust and healthy constitution slowly gave away to a grim monster in the form of dropsy and congestion of the lungs. Prior to his final illness he had never been sick—always enjoying unusual good health.

Mr. Gramley was born July 22, 1811, on a farm one mile east of Rebersburg, on which he lived all the days of his life, except for the last nine years, during which time he resided in Rebersburg, enjoying the comforts of a long, active life well spent.

He was united in holy matrimony to Esther Schmeltzer in 1834, thus living in this relation for more than half a century. He was the father of sixteen children, eight of whom, together with the sorrow-stricken widow, survive to mourn his loss.

He has been a consistent Christian for more than two score years, having united himself with the Evangelical church in 1843, since which time he has been a regular attendant at divine service, being class leader for several years and filled the duties of S. S. Supt. for quite a while.

When he was fifteen years of age his father, who was a farmer, died, after which he and his widow mother assumed the duties of a farm-life and carried it on successfully for some time. He frequently alluded to the fact that he never enjoyed more than six weeks of tuition in our English schools in the latter part of the winter season after the labor had been performed.

Mr. Gramley has always manifested a very kind feeling and consequently had few if any enemies. We can, therefore, truly say that by this dispensation we lost a kind neighbor; his children, a loving father; his widow, a devoted husband, and the community, a quiet, modest, unassuming and honest citizen. C.

PUBLIC SALES.

Sale April 12.

PUALIC SALE.—At the residence of Michael Spicher, dec'd, in Potter twp., Saturday, April 12, at 1 p. m.: Top buggy, set of harness, fynets, cook stove, pipe, boilers, pans, skillets, copper kettle, brass kettle, iron kettle, 2 beds, cupboard, chest, sewing machine, stair rods for carpet, 75 yards carpet, 2 tables, 3 rocking chairs, 5 kitchen chairs, set dishes, fruit jars, old fashioned clock, wood box and other articles.

JOHN SPICHER,
MICHAEL SPICHER, Executors.

Sale March 22.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Farmers Mills, March 22, at 1 p. m. the following: Cook stove with cooking utensils, parlor stove, 3 beds and bedding, sink, dining table, breakfast table, corner cupboard, ½ dozen chairs, settee, 35 yards carpet, chest, side saddle, copper kettle, iron kettle, tub, patent washing machine, clothes wringer, full set stoneware dishes, set common dishes, stone crocks, glass jars, 8-day clock, and other articles.

CATHARINE RISHEL.

Sale March 21.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of Levi Reader, dec'd, in Gregg township, on Friday, March 21, at 1 p. m. the following: One horse, 2 cows, 1 bull, 5 head young cattle, 16 head shoats, sow, two-horse wagon, plantation wagon, 1-horse wagon, top buggy, 2-horse sled, threshing machine, power, shaker and strap, fanning mill, horse gears, collars, bridles, double harness, corn fodder, 6000 feet dry white pine boards, 1000 feet green white pine boards, 1000 feet oak planks, 1000 feet walnut boards, 200 broad rails. Household goods, 2 cook stoves, cupboard, chairs, tables, lounge, 3 bedsteads and bedding, carpet, meat stands, iron kettle, bureau. (No hucksters allowed on premises.) JAMES P. GENTZEL,
SARAH READER,
Administrators.

J. N. Leitzel, Auc't.

Sale March 22.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned on Saturday, March 22, at 1 o'clock p. m.: One 3 year old mare, well broke; buggy with shifting top, platform spring wagon good as new, with three seats, pole and shafts; truck wagon, sled, top for meat wagon and meat box, set good truck harness, set driving harness, 2 sets fynets, double and single trees, hay by the ton, cutting box, forks, rakes, chovels, wheelbarrow, grind stone, pair platform scales, shop coal stove, cook stove and pipe, 20 cords good rock oak bark, robe, horse blanket, set check lines, saddle back, 2 cupboards, table, ¾ dozen chairs, tubs, wash boilers, meat stand, canned fruit, alarm clock, and many other articles.

D. R. Sweetwood, Auc't. CHAS. H. SHIFFLER.

Sale March 20.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned at Centre Hill, Thursday, March 20, the following: Two head of horses, 2 cows, one heifer, 4 head young cattle, 2-horse wagon, spring wagon, buggy, new bob sled, sulkey, cutter, 2 set hay ladders, Centre Hall corn-planter, new South Bend chilled plow, 2 cultivators, hay rake, set tug harness, fynets, cow chains, double and single trees, cross-cut saw, grind stone, pick, hoes, shovels, work bench and blacksmith tools. Household furniture. Two set bed steads, 3 tables, 2 cupboards, doughtray, flour chest, cider barrels, tubs, chairs, 2 coal stoves, cook stove, iron kettle, and other articles. Sale at one o'clock p. m.

David Sweetwood, Auc't. MARY A. SNYDER.

ACROSS STRANGE WATERS.

I go: and where we have been you abide,
To face the light
Of days that pour their splendor far and wide,
And mock the night.

How you will hate their brightness well I know—
Their fragrant ways,
Thick set with bloom, free winds that come and go,
And birds that praise

The triumph of the summer, and are glad
Of their desire,
Fulfilled in warmth, with mirth and music mad,
And set on fire.

Of love, to whom all sweet things do belong;
Those new, bright days.
With overflow of blossoms and glad song,
You will not praise.

The day will vex you and the night deny
Your idle prayer;
Shall I, across strange waters, hear you cry,
And be aware?

THE WITCH'S RING.

A very curious, straggling sleepy dol village is Adlingtune. Half a century behind the rest of the world, it still sits between the green hills of an Eastern State with its elbows on its knees and its chin in its hands, musing on bygone days when old King George held the land under his sway, and when, as its old folk sagely remark, things were not as they are now. There are a great many old people in Adlingtune—in fact, very few die young there. The atmosphere is so dreamy and peaceful that excitement cannot exist, and the wear and tear of the busy world is unknown, or, at least, only hums faintly over the hills, like the buzzing of a fly on a sunny pane on a summer day. And so they still sit in their chimney-corners from year to year, and muse, and dose, and dream, until they dream their lives away and take their final sleep. It was to an old crone of this description that I was indebted for my adventure.

In the course of my ramblings about the village, I chanced, one day, to peer over a crumbling wall and discovered an old, disused burial-ground. The brown slabs were broken, prostrate, and scattered, with only here and there a forlorn, unsteady stone standing wearily, and waiting for the time to come when it, too, might fall down and rest with the sleepers beneath. Scrambling over the low wall, I stooped about among the grass, pushing away the tangled masses of vines and leaves from the faces of slabs that I might read the inscriptions there. But the suns and storms of over a hundred years had obliterated nearly all the letters, so that only portions of names and dates remained. Finally, down in a deep corner of the enclosure, where the weeds grew densest and the shade was darkest, I found an old stone which, leaning forward, had protected its face from the storms, and on this stone I read the word:

BARBARA CONWAIL.

BORN 1670, DIED 1730. AGE 60 YEARS

Having been Lawfully Executed for the Practice of Witchcraft.

My curiosity was at once aroused. I inquired of several persons as to the history of this woman but without success for a time. Finally, however, I found an old woman who told me the history of Barbara Conwail, as it had been handed down by her ancestors:

Living in an old stone house at the edge of the village she was rarely seen—for no one ever crossed her threshold—save when she was occasionally met by a frightened party of children idling away a summer afternoon's holiday in the woods, when she would scowl and pass away, stooping along over the fields, gathering herbs with which to brew her mighty potions. No one ever interfered with her, however, until a sad year came to Adlingtune,

An epidemic broke out, and raged with a fury that nothing could withstand. People began to mutter that Barbara, the witch, was the cause of it. Passing along the road, she was stoned by a party of boys, to whom she turned and, shaking her bony hand, shrieked that the curse was upon them.

Two of the lads sickened and died in a few days, and, though scores were carried away in a like manner, an especial import was attached to their death. Barbara began to be watched. They looked through her windows at midnight and found her bending over a seething cauldron, throwing in herbs, muttering cabalistic words, and stirring the mixture with what they reported to be a human bone. Old Barbara was working her charms.

So when, one morning, a man came into town, bruised and covered with mud, and testified that as he rode past old Barbara's house at twelve o'clock the night before, he saw the Arch Fiend and the witch in conversation upon the house-top, surrounded by flames, and laughing fiendishly in the lurid glare as they shook their fists at the plague-stricken village sleeping below, his tale found ready credence. The fact that he was an habitual drunkard, and had, on more than one occasion, rolled from his house in a drunken stupor and passed the night in a ditch, dreaming wild dreams, did not in the least detract from the belief of the villagers in his account of this scene; and when he related how this pair of demons had pounced upon him, and had first tortured and then thrown him senseless into a ditch, their indignation became uncontrollable.

Old Barbara was tried, condemned, and hanged, though she protested in her innocense to the last. The little sum of money found in her possession was used to buy that grave-stone—as no one would dare appropriate it—and to this day, if any one were bold enough to go to her grave at midnight on the same day of the year on which she was hanged, and say: "Barbara, I believe you were innocent," at the same time stretching out his hand over the grave, she would appear to him and place in his hand a talisman.

This talisman would bring good fortune as long as he retained it, but at some time in his life the witch would return to him and claim her own.

The old woman ended her story in a low, impressive monotone, which, with her earnestness, and sincere belief in what she said, almost carried conviction to me in spite of reason. As I sauntered away, ridiculing these ignorant and superstitious village folk, I found myself almost unconsciously wandering back through the old burial ground to the witch's grave. Carelessly glancing at the inscription. I was surprised to find that upon that very day was the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her death, and still more surprised when the thought occurred to me of watching at her grave that night. I ridiculed and scoffed the idea. Where was my common sense and incredulity? But, still returning ever, came that wayward thing called fancy—and it conquered.

The world was wild and weird that night, when I stole forth from the village. The wind was moaning through the trees and sobbing piteously; the black clouds were driven in broken patches across the sky, now letting down the moonshine, and again shrouding all in blackest night, and making the shadows chase each other about and steal around corners upon one in a manner that made me wince in spite of myself. Climbing the low stone wall—rather nervously, I confess, I stole away through the old, down-trodden graves, pushing through the weeds and briers as silently as possible, and making my way toward that dark, dreary corner where the old witch reposed. A graveyard at noon is a very different spot from a graveyard at midnight, especially if one is there to seek an interview with a spirit.

I reached the place and stood by the tomb. It still lacked a few minutes of twelve, and as I stood there watching the moonlight flitting over the graves, I longed for a little ray to creep in with me. But no—approaching and receding and wavering all about me, it never touched this grave, but fled away as often as it approached, as though frightened at the black shadow forever lurking there.

By and by the village clock tolled twelve. As the slow, tremulous tones stole out on the night, the wind ceased moaning, the clouds covered the face of the moon, the insects stopped chirping, and when the last stroke was finished, the almost unbearable silence was broken only by my own breathing, which I strove in vain to suppress. The darkness was intense, and I could see nothing. A terrible feeling of guilt and terror seized me, that I, a mortal, should be intruding there at such an hour. Mechanically I strove to speak the words I had been told, but my lips refused to form a sound.

Still I stood in that awful, black silence, chilled with fear, until, with a mighty effort I reached out my arm over the grave, and grasped—a hand.

It was only for an instant—not, that, for it was jerked away in a twinkling—but long enough to feel how warm and velvety it was, and how small. Not that I lingered there to reflect upon these novel qualities in the hand of a ghost—and an old witch at that—for you altogether mistake my bravery in supposing it; but it was after I had cleared the wall at a bound and was out on the moonlit road, walking at a rattling good pace toward town that I recalled it.

From a state of intense cold, I had changed to burning heat. The touch of those small fingers thrilled me through with an electric shock, and I walked faster still in my excitement. Gradually the consciousness forced itself upon me that I held something in my clenched hands. There was first a glitter and then a sparkle, as the moonlight fell into the hollow of my up-raised hand, and I saw there a glittering ring set with flashing stones. The icicles began slipping down my back again, and I hurried on.

Some persons may be inclined to deride my nervousness on this occasion, but I assure such that I am not naturally a timid man. I have a medal hanging in my room at home which asserts that I am not a timid man, and above all, I had always been particularly devoid of superstitious fear; but truth compells me to say that I not only lighted all the lights on reaching my room at the little inn that night, but turned them very high into the bargain, and that I made a systematic inspection of all the closets, and removed from it a peg a long cloak that was hanging in a very suggestive position on the wall. This done, I sat down—with my back against the wall—and examined the ring.

It was a quaint old ring, curiously carved and massive. The setting was composed of several small colored stones set in a circle about a large diamond. My financial circumstances had rendered it unnecessary for me to acquaint myself with precious stones and their value, so that I could only surmise that the ring was somewhat valuable. Considering the excited condition of my nerves at this time, it was not strange that I should start when my eye fell upon the name that was inscribed in quaint letters inside the ring—"Barbara."

I sat and mused upon the whole adventure; what the crone had told me—the graveyard, the ring, (this was returned to me the oftenest) the thrilling touch of that small hand in the darkness.

Perhaps I should say right here that I called myself an old bachelor, and had never been in love—that is, with any mortal. I did not think I was devoid of sentiment or feeling, for I often dreamed of love, and worshiped beautiful things of my own fancy; but my life had been thrown among boys and men, and woman was far away and a mystery. A motherless home, a stern father, a hard-working student life at college, a stranger struggling for bread and reputation in a great city—on which can perceive how it could be that I had made few acquaintances among women. In reality I was only twenty-five, but much experience, and a busy life had made me feel older; so, as I said, I called myself a batchelor.

I have given this brief history of myself in order to prepare the way for another confession. I was falling in love with the owner of that soft, warm hand. It is preposterous, but it is true. I began to doubt my reason. In vain I tried to remember that Barbara the witch, was an old, ugly woman. The only picture I could call up was that of a beautiful young girl with—but words fail me; only she was far from ghastly, but was as warm, and substantial, and full of life as that hand had seemed to be.

The fire-irons fell with an unearthly clatter and startled me out of my dreams. I went to bed to soothe my nerves with sleep, and lay awake most of the night with the lamps all burning.

Fortune smiled upon me from that night. Two years of busy city life had passed, and old Barbara's talisman was still unreclimed, when one day—Do you believe in love at first sight? Well, if the first appearance of Walter Wyman's sister had not conquered me, as she stood under the parlor lamps, a revelation of beauty and youth, the touch of her hand when she welcomed her brother's friend would have enslaved me forever. Never had a touch so thrilled me since—since I had held the witch's hand in the graveyard. The same peculiar shock passed through me, and the memory of that spectral night came over me like a flash.

But I did not start out to tell a love story. Let me briefly say that I fell in love, and that acted just like all lovers have done since the world began. It doesn't matter much about a man's age. At twenty-seven, he will conduct himself pretty much as he would have done at seventeen, and so I wrote verses, and sighed, and tormented myself with a housand hopes and fears, and grew hot and cold by turns, and wonderfully timid, and prided myself upon concealing it all, when, as a matter of fact, the state of my feelings were perfectly apparent to all my acquaintances.

Matters were in this interesting state, when one day an opportunity occurred of which I availed myself with a degree of skill and presence of mind that I am proud of to this day. It all came about through my asking the young lady if she believed in ghosts,

"I suppose I should," said she, laughing, "considering my experience."

Leave a woman alone to make an evasive answer. Of course, I implored an explantion, and she related to me the following story:

"It was about two years ago when a party of girls, just home from school, were visiting a friend in the country. One of the girls had heard a foolish old story about a witch's grave, and some nonsense about her annual appearance, and a talisman, and when I expressed my incredulity, they braved me to put it to the test. What is the matter? The place? A little town called Adlington.

"Foolishly I accepted their challenge, and received a terrible fright. I carried out the instructions and stretched my arm over the grave. It was so dark I could see nothing, but some one seized my hand. I was so benumbed with fear that I could not cry out, but could only fly through the lonely graveyard where my trembling companions were awaiting me in the field. It was a foolist adventure, for I fell ill, and it cost me a valuable ring which was left to me by poor Aunt Barbara. 'For her little namesake,' she said, when she sent it across the sea to me. You see, the ring was a little large for my finger and was pulled off by—by"——

"By me," I interrupted, taking the lost ring from my pocket.

It was time for Barbara (I forgot to say that was her name) to be startled now. I hope I may say that I came out strong on that occasion. I told my story in a very impressive way; lingered over the effect of the witch's hand on my heart; spoke of the good fortune the talisman had brought me; made a very pretty allusion to Barbara the witch reclaiming her own—for was she not a witch, after all, as I could testify, having felt her charms?—and, finally, not only offered to return the ring, but to give myself into the bargain.

She took both.

Cultivating the White Water-Lily.

In the superbly-kept gardens of Europe the aquarium or tank for water plants is an important feature, and adds greatly to the beauty of the grounds. But even where the premises are small, a well-kept tank on a much larger scale than the ordinary parlor aquarium is a very pleasing object, and we have many attractive plants which would render them very interesting and beautiful—for example, the arrow head, the calla and others.

Many of our readers will ever hold in remembrance the sweet fragrance of the white water-lily, so common in every clear, quiet country pond. If they only knew how easily it could be cultivated, we believe that very many of them would prepare and be quite as proud of their water-lilies as of any of their other floral premises. The roots may be easily obtained from the dealer's and sent by mail, packed in damp moss. The roots should be kept constantly moist until planted.

To do that take an old tub, or barrel sawed in two, that will hold water, set it either on top or in the ground, one-third filled with a mixture of garden soil, sand and well-rotted manure. The roots should be set in this mixture, and water added in small quantities, so as not to disturb the earth, until the tub is filled. Very soon the handsome round leaves, four or five inches in diameter, will make their appearance and fill the tub. The loss of water by evaporation should be made good from time to time, and ere long the blossoms will appear and delight everyone with their beauty and fragrance. Care should be taken not to allow the annual increase to crowd the vessel, or the floral display will be diminished. The pure white flowers will be as perfect and beautiful, and fragrant as the camellia, closing at night and opening in the morning. The bloom of lilies thus transplanted is generaly a little smaller than in their native pond, but this is an advantage rather than an objection.

A USEFUL and even tasteful cover fo the marble slab of the sideboard is made of a strip of canton flannel just the width of the slab. It should be long enough to hang over at the edge with white or colored ball fringe.

Ballet Girls.

A reporter had a talk with Mr. Griffith, business manager of "Jalma," the other night, and learned some curious things about ballet dancers.

"They are an amiable set of girls, as a rule," said Mr. Griffith; "much better natured than singers. Most of them are Italians; some are English. Occasionally you find them married, but they always leave their husbands in the old country. They are paid from $50 to $150 a week and their traveling expenses."

"Do you have much trouble in getting local dancers?"

"Not a great deal. It depends, though, upon where you go. In the South it is harder to get women to go upon the stage than it is in the North and East. We always advertise for twice as many women as we want. Very frequently well-connected girls, who have limbs and forms of which they are proud, come to us and are willing to go on the stage for nothing. It is a frequent occurrence to have parents coming to us to search for their daughters. Sometimes they write letters and send photograghs. These girls go under assumed names, which makes it all the more difficult to detect them."

"How do the forms of Louisville girls compare with those of the girls of other cities?"

"Very favorably. The best developed and brightest girls we have had were in Baltimore. In Cincinnati we had good girls. The limbs of the St. Louis girls seem to have run to feet. It is more difficult to get girls to go on the stage in Louisville than any other city we have been in."

"Is there much padding among the ballet dancers?"

"None at all. The girls who pad can't dance. It is impossible. There is very little padding on the stage anyhow. The stories about it are very much exaggerated."

"Is there much jealousy among them?"

"Very little; and in that they differ very much from singers, who are the most jealous set of creatures in the world. The girls seem to enjoy the life they lead, and laugh and go on among themselves during rehearsals after business is through."

"How much do you pay the new girls whom you pick up in the various cities where you show?"

"We give them $5 a week and extra pay for extra services. We don't pay for rehearsals."

That Wife of His.

After having been married some weeks it came into the head of a young husband one Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity, and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind and his wife asked him to begin. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was first to propose the matter, and, as he was the head of the house, it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged he began the recital.

He said:

"My dear, one of the first faults that I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you a good deal neglected the tin ware. My mother always took great pride in her tin ware, and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little; "hereafter you shall see no spot on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

I have also observed that you use your dish-rags a long time without washing them, and finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish-rags when she was done using them, and then hung them up where they could dry, ready for the next time she would need them.

Blushing, as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault.

The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more worthy of mention.

"Now, my dear," said he, "you begin and tell me all the faults you have discovered in me since we have been married."

The wife sat in silence. Her face flushed to the temples and a great lump came in her throat which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

Proceed my dear; tell me all the faults you have discovered in me; spare none."

Arising suddenly from her seat the little wife burst into tears, and throwing both arms about her husband's neck, cried:

"My dear husband you have not a fault in the world. If you have one my eyes have been so blinded by my love for you that so long as we have been married I never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to be done in the best manner and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think, I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had or will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes, and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin the work of reform and try to make myself worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear; you know that sometimes I go away and leave you without any wood cut, I stay down town when I ought to be at home, I spend money for drink and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you, I——"

"No, you don't," cried his wife, "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do."

"God bless you, little wife," cried the now subjugated husband "from this moment you have no faults in the world. Indeed, you never had a fault; I was joking; don't remember a word I said!" And he kissed away the tears that trembled in the little woman's eyes.

Never again did the husband scrutinize the tin ware nor examine the dish-rag—never so much as mention one of the faults he had enumerated—but soon after the neigbor women were wont to say:

"It is wonderful how neat Mrs. —— keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is as bright as a new dollar, and I do believe that she not only washes, but irons her dish-rags." And the neighbor men were heard to say: "What a steady fellow —— has got to be of late; he don't spend a dime where he used to spend dollars, and can never be kept from home half an hour when he is not at work. He seems to worship that wife of his.

Communism in Paris.

The year ends well for the Republic, in spite of the declarations of its enemies to the contrary. The Ministry has thus far carried its point about Tonquin, and has kept the Radicals out of power in the Chamber. In the City Council of Paris this latter thing has been more difficult to do. There is a very strong communistic majority in Municipal Council, and it is daily growing bolder. A little while ago it cut down the various perquisites of the Prefect of Police, showing, indeed, a strong inclination not to vote him any appropriation at all; and now it has shown its tender respect for the memory of those who were slain in the insurrection of 1871 by a vote which has aroused howls of indignation from the bourgeoisie. It has voted that the ground in which the soldiers of the commune were buried in Pere la Chalse and in other cemeteries of the metropolis shall remain undisturbed for twenty-five years. Otherwise the graves of the hapless communists would already have been "dug over" and the ground prepared for new occupants. In the Paris cemeteries, unless a family lot or a concesssion be purchased, the dead are allowed to remain undisturbed for only five years. The tract in which the communists were heaped pell-mell after the terrible fight in Pere La Chase in May of 1871 had not been wanted by the administration up to the beginning of this year. "So," says a Paris journal, "people must be distinguished for rapine, murder and incendiarism if they wish to rest tranquilly in their graves without paying for the privilege."

The City Councilers are trying to make the revolt of 1871 respectable. This has been their constant aim since they came into power. Two years after the fall of the commune any one who had ventured to say, in a Paris drawing-room, that the commune was justifiable—that, apart from its excesses—which were no greater than those committed during all revolutions—it was a brave and heroic move—would have been reproved, and I am not sure that violence would not have been offered him. But times change, and we can now see printed every day in a score of journals passionate defence of the commune, and can hear officials high in place speak of it with reverence and tenderness.

"But no such revolt can come again in our time. The people have not got arms, nor are there any arsenals, accessible to Parisians, containing rifles enough to arm a single corps of a new communistic army. In 1871, there were 300,000 men of the National Guard in Paris! every one with a gun in his hand; and of this force at least 175,000 men sympathized with and went over to the commune. To-day the French people are not free to keep and bear arms, and consequently they can make no more important revolutions.

Wealth From Storms.

The gathering of seaweed keeps some of the farmers of Block Island busy all the time. The shore of the island is divided into small portions, to which each man has the exclusive right for seaweed. There is also a public beach, where any one who will may gather. The quantity obtained every year is enormous. The annual crop is estimated at $20,000. In a single year, according to the census, the quantity gathered was estimated at 6,000 cords, or to over 10,000 single cart-loads, and each load has a value of about $2. The weed is spread on the land broadcast, or put in heaps where it undergoes decomposition, and is used as a manure when the crops are planted. It is difficult to imagine what would be done if the supply were cut off, since not enough manure is made on the Island to fertilize the soil, nor are the crops so large as to supply a surplus wherewith to purchase the patent manures that are so largely used in some places. The largest quantities of seaweed come ashore after storms; the unusual force of the waves at such times tears it from the bottom, and from the rocks where it grows. In the loads that come up from the beach, large quantities of kelp or ribbon-weed are seen, together with rock-weed, Iceland moss and the ordinary eel-grass. A mixture of all kinds is thought superior to any one alone. Excellent yields of corn are had where no other manure is used showing that all the elements needed are contained in it. The weed is Block Island's wealth.

FOR New Year sandwiches take equal quantities of the breast of cold chicken and boiled tongue; chop them fine—so fine, in fact, that you cannot distinguish the separate particles; add a good large half-teaspoonful of celery salt, and pinch of cayenne pepper and four tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing. This amount will be enough to season the breast of one large chicken and an equal quantity of tongue. When this is cold, spread some thin slices of bread with butter, and then with this mixture.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Ill news flies apace.

Men prone to tears are good.

Lost time is never found again.

A friend is best found in adversity.

Seed of sin brings a crop of sorrow.

There is nothing but what has an end.

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

The hours perish, and are laid to our charge.

He who wants little, generally has enough.

It is sometimes as well to forget what we know.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

To whom God gives employ, He gives understanding.

The pride of the rich man makes the labor of the poor.

Prayer and provender never hindered any man's jonrney.

Somewomen's destiny is to love down. excusingly, pityingly.

He who is not content with a little, will be content with nothing.

Light is the pencil with which God paints all the hues of creation.

We never deceive ourselves so much as when we attempt to deceive God.

The poor man is not he who has little, but he who is always desiring more.

There is, by God's grace, an immeasurable distance between late and too late

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.

Tell me what gladdens or grieves a man, and I will tell you what sort of a man he is.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly or bind so fast as love can do with a single thread.

Time is the stuff out of which life is made, and the narrow bridge that joins two eternities.

If you would know one of the minor secrets of happiness, it is this: cultivate cheap pleasures.

Our ancestors may be a great honor to us, but it is much better if we are an honor to them.

Often the world discovers a man's mental worth only when its injustice has nearly destroyed him.

Truth—the open, bold, honest truth—is always the safest, for every one in any and all circumstances.

Our faults are like circles in the water formed by a stone being thrown in—one produces another.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature, but too many in this world act as though it were the only one.

Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied, and ease is only to be acquired with the greatest labor.

There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred—to all rational mortals, namely, their distemper.

All is vanity but what is done for the glory of God. It glitters and it fades away; it makes a noise and it is gone.

Turner, the painter, was once asked the secret of his success. He answered, "I have no secret but hard work."

To do good which is really good, a man must act from the love of good, and not with a view to reward here or hereafter.

We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—we should always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others.

If any one does you an injury or wrong, take it lightly, and Christian revenge is begun; forgive it, and your revenge is finished.

Whatever is coming, there is but one way to meet it—to go straight forward, to bear what has to be borne, and to do what has to be done.

The greatest part of what we say or do being unnecessary, if a man takes this away, he will have more leisure and less uneasiness.

An old saint said when his end was near, "I have studied all my life only three books—the Bible, my own heart and the beauties of nature."

Faith, like light, should ever be simple and unbending; while love, like warmth, should beam forth on every side and bend to every necessity.

On their own merits, modest men are dumb.

Study yourself; and most of all note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.

If duty really means to pay God his due, then perfection, sanctity, martyrdom, if you will, are nothing more, and can be nothing greater than duty.

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian.

The worst untruth of all is that which begins by making falsehood appear like truth, because it will end with making truth appear like falsehood.

We cannot live on probabilities. The faith in which we can live bravely and die in peace must be a certainty, so far as it professes to be a faith at all, or it is nothing.

Everywhere remember that we have to fight against a world at enmity with God, a heart full of deceit and iniquity, and a whole legion of evil spirits watching how to destroy us.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to justly appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of their covering.

Educate all the faculties and propensities of children; but above all, see that the conscience, the balance-wheel of the moral system, is trained into perfect accord with the principles of positive truth and absolute justice.

When we are studying and pursuing excellence, we are insuring durability; and the more thoroughly the idea of durability, enters into our work and guides our lives, the more valuable will be the one and the nobler and happier will be the other.

DISCONTENT.

Two boats rocked on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree;
One was in love with the harbor;
One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor
The winds of fate outbore,
But held the other, longing,
Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree,
With wistful eyes looks ever
To the one far out at sea.

To one that rides the billow,
Though sailing fair and fleet,
Looks back to the peaceful river,
To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet
Of the moss-grown shaded shore,
One sighs that it may enter
That harbor nevermore

One wearies of the dangers
Of the tempest's rage and wail;
One dreams, amid the lilies,
Of a far-off snowy sail.

Of all that life can teach us
There's naught so true as this:
The winds of fate blow ever,
But ever blow amiss

A MOTHER'S REMORSE.

A girl sat just outside the kitchen door of the old Stonybrook farm upon a lovely spring day. The air was soft and wooing, and it lifted the yellow curls that clustered around her white brow caressingly. The songs of birds could be heard in the fields that stretched far away clothed in their new dress of emerald, starred thickly here and there with the golden-eyed daisies and buttercups. But Phyllis Trevor never heeded these beauties that surrounded her. Her head was drooped low over the potatoes she was paring, and from time to time the golden head was lifted, when one could see that her mournful-looking brown eyes were swimming in tears. Then she would raise her hand quickly to brush them away, with a suppressed sigh glancing into the kitchen, where a tall, hard-featured woman was going to and fro between the wash-tub and the boiler on the stove.

As Mrs. Trevor went backward and forward she cast dark glances at the figure sitting, clad in an old print dress, so silent and yet so busily working at the potatoes. It was evident that the mother was in a spiteful humor and wanted some one to vent it upon; so at last she stopped in her progress across to the stove, and placing her arms "akimbo," she delivered the following in a complaining, high-strung voice:

"Phyllis Trevor! I would be ashamed, if I were you, to sit there like the lazy hulk you are growling to be, and me a-washing here like a Trojan, I never have to sit down when I peel potatoes; I have never *time;* but you, forsooth! *You* are too much a lady of leisure to go about your work as your mother has to. You must take care of your own ease! And there, Phyllis Trevor, you've spilled that dirty water all over you! I would be ashamed to be such a baby as you show yourself when a body happens to speak a crooked work to you—crying—a great baby like you, 18 years old!"

All the morning since she had risen at 3 o'clock with a violent headache, in order to milk the cows, she had heard nothing but a running stream of complaints and upbraiding. Phyllis was the eldest of a family of eight children, and all of them, except herself, boys. It seemed as if Mrs. Trevor never could get over the disappointment she felt at her eldest child's advent into the world because she was not a boy. "Girls isn't worth their keep," she complained to the neighbors, when they admired the delicate, white bit of humanity that lay, almost neglected, all day long in the rocker beside the kitchen window, never crying nor making the usual "coo-coo" of babies in general, but lying quiet, gazing at the objects around it, and pulling at the bottle of milk which lay beside it. It seemed as if the child knew it was not wanted by its mother, for it never stretched out its puny arms to her to be taken, but would smile and jump whenever its father came near, for the patient, good-natured farmer loved the child more than all the boys in the world put together.

But he could not shield her from her mother's fault-finding during the day, for then he was absent in the fields. As she grew up in her delicate beauty, and other babies came, she was made a slave to their every whim, and made to carry them about in her thin arms until her back ached painfully, and her head and heart ached.

Phyllis arose, now still trembling nervously under the undeserved reprimand, and, without returning a word, continued peeling the potatoes in a standing position; her silence only inflamed her mother's wrath.

"You think to aggravate me by your fine lady airs, do you? I'll teach you to answer me when I speak to you! You shall not stir one step to the Sunday-school picnic to-morrow; but you will stay to home and keep house while your brothers and I go, you hateful stubborn thing!" Now, this picnic was a pleasure upon which the girl had set her heart. She had few pleasures in her young life, and her father had bought her a new dress and promised her that she would have one pleasant day at least. And now it was all spoiled. She shed some tears silently, but did not answer. Phyllis never rebelled openly; hers was one of those gentle, sensitive natures which are easily hurt, but never complain. While her mother's angry voice was still raised high, the doorway was suddenly shadowed. Both the women looked up; it was Mr. Trevor, who had returned from the fields, and he stood there gazing upon the dark face of his scolding wife. There was an expression about his gray eyes and his usually kindly mouth which was new to them; an angry, determined look. He had been in time to hear her declaration Phyllis should not go to the picnic, and the rest of her reproaches. He remained silent for a moment; at last he exclaimed:

"What! Scolding Phyllis again? You never give that girl a pleasant word, mother! She works hard for any little pleasuring she gets, and you never give her any credit for it. I say she shall go to the picnic to-morrow!" and a still more determined look wreathed itself around his lips, giving to his pleasant features a harsh expression. Hitherto his wife's word had been law in the house; never had he, weak man that he was, dared to interfere with her decisions, and now she was taken by surprise. She stared, open-mouthed, at the impudence of her spouse; it took away her breath for a minute. At last, however, she found her tongue and broke forth, her black eyes snapping with anger:

"And I say she shan't! Do you hear, Bill Trevor? I say she shan't!" she cried, shaking her bony fist at her husband's nose. He stood there calmly.

"She shall!" he said composedly, growing more cool and determined as his wife waxed more excited. "Phyllis is 18 years of age, and old enough to have some voice in such matters herself. She is not a baby now, to be ordered about and made to dance attendance upon the pleasure of the boys, whose slave you have made her."

He delivered this with folded arms, looking right into the exasperated woman's blazing eyes. She almost went into a fit, she was so angry. Her face grew livid as she shrieked out:

"If she goes, she'll never dare to call me mother again! I'll never speak one word to her till the day of my death! How dare *you* come home interfering? *Your* place is in the fields!"

"My place is beside my daughter, since she is to be put upon in this manner. And as to your not speaking to her, I guess it won't be a great loss, for when you do speak it is to scold her," and with this shot the farmer walked out of the house and back to his work, leaving the woman foaming with rage, which she poured out in torrents upon the defenseless Phyllis, who, trembling and with streaming eyes, went about preparing dinner.

The morning of the picnic rose bright and glorious; and when Phyllis looked forth upon it from her chamber window she almost forgot the unpleasantness of yesterday in the anticipated pleasure before her. The broad, sloping fields that surrounded her father's farm lay cool and green in the early morning, with dark, pleasant shadows underneath the grand old hemlocks. The sun was just gilding the tops of these trees, the birds among their boughs were twittering, and far away in "the purpling distance the woods showed dark against the cloudless sky."

All that afternoon poor Phyllis had to suffer and her eyes were red and swollen when her father came in to supper. He stroked her hair with a loving smile when Mrs. Trevor was out of the room, saying, with tenderness in his voice and eyes:

"Has she been tormenting you again, Phy?" But don't cry, dearie, and spoil your pretty eyes for to-morrow, for you are going to wear your pink dress, which matches the faint roses in these cheeks so well, and go to the picnic as gay as any of them!" and the kindly man sat down to his evening meal with a face as tranquil as though nothing had occurred during the day to disturb its serenity.

She went about her task of milking with a happy heart, and when, her work finished, she entered the kitchen, breakfast was in progress. Her mother went about scowling as usual, but for a wonder she let Phyllis alone. When she had finished her breakfast her father bade her go and get ready with a reassuring smile, but Mrs. Trevor still maintained a sullen silence.

"You had better hurry, mother, and get dressed, too, you and the boys. I'll have old Timur hitched to the wagon and at the door in half an hour," said her husband, in his usual friendly tone of voice.

"I ain't goin'!" snapped Mrs. Trevor.

Her husband paused and looked back, with his hand on the latch of the door.

"Not going?" he echoed. "Why not, mother?"

Mrs. Trevor looked up with an angry toss of her head.

"If you are a-goin' to encourage Phyllis to go when I said she should'nt, then I *won't!*" she said, emphasizing her words by a decided nod.

"Verry well. As you please, Helen. I presume you will not prevent the boys from going?"

They can go or not for all I care!" she returned, angry that he did not seem put out at her refusal to go.

"Very well. Go and get ready, boys; I will have the wagon at the door soon. Pack a pretty big basket for them, mother," and he was off. His wife set about packing lunch for her children, still grumbling, and glancing spitefuly after her husband through the window.

Directly Phyllis came from her room; and she did make a lovely picture in her rose-pink lawn and ribbons; the color contrasted well with her brown eyes, yellow hair and fair white skin. Even the cold mother felt something like pride in her daughter, when she looked at her, standing there with the sunshine making an aureole about her head; but she would not show it. She smothered down the transient feeling, this unnatural parent, and said, in a cold, cutting voice which froze the happiness in her daughter's heart:

"Now let me tell you one thing before you start, Phyl Trevor! Never you speak to me again, after disobeyin' me; you hear? And I want you to heed, too!"

I do not think the woman knew, or, rather, thought of what she was saying, for she spoke in anger. Surely no mother could have so little affection in her heart for the child she bore! Surely she did not think of what she said, or mean it! But the words smote Phyllis like a knife, she turned a white face, with great startled eyes, upon her, gasped, and then, with a shuddering cry, she ran forward to her mother, who was leaving the room, crying, with clasped hands:

"Oh, surely you don't mean what you say, mother? I love you so; and you wouldn't be so cruel to me? I will stay at home willingly, if only you won't be so angry!"

Mrs. Trevor turned a livid face upon her daughter.

"I *do* mean it! I almost hate you, you white-faced, puny nothing! Your father was led by you to go against what I said, and if you had never been born I would have been happy! I never cared for you; settin' yourself up to curry favor with your father, so't he won't hardly notice any of the rest of his children!"

At this juncture the gentleman in question suddenly made his appearance, and Mrs. Trevor hastily departed, thinking that perhaps she had gone a little too far, even for the patience of her easily-led husband.

He had heard her cruel words, and he came forward, putting his arm tenderly around the weeping Phyllis, and murmuring endearing words which made her tears flow only the faster.

"Father, I have only you to love me in the wide world. Mother hates me. She said so. Oh, father, please don't ask me to go on that miserable picnic, if it is to take all the pleasure of my life away," she cried, trembling, clinging close to him.

"Darling, it will not do to give way to such selfishness as your mother has shown, she shall *not* go on treating you as she has been doing. Dry your eyes now, Phyl, and go to please me. I will see that you are treated in a manner befitting my child when you return" And he led her out hastily and placed her in the wagon with the boys, still soothing her. She could scarcely restrain her sobs, for the words uttered so cruelly sunk deep into her heart.

"Oh, God, I wish I never had been born!" she moaned, as with dry eyes and whirling brain, she drove old Timur along the road past sweet-smelling hedges and shady nooks; but her eyes were blind to the beauties of nature now; she heard only that cruel voice saying:

"I never cared for you!" All the youth and beauty in her life seemed blotted out. The boys did not notice the strange white look of their sister's face. They were clamourously talking of what fun they were to have.

When they arrived at the spot which was designated as the "picknickin' grounds" by the country people, many of the pleasure seekers were already assembled, and kind hands assisted Phyllis to alight, and disposed of her horse and wagon for her. Every one noticed how white and troubled she looked, and how quiet she was.

"What ails Phyl Trevor?" the young people whispered to each other.

The poor child wandered off from them all, away through the quiet green woods until she came to an old log which lay felled across her path, and here she sat down, resting her aching head against the trunk of a tree.

"Oh, can it be true, can it be true, that she wishes I never had been born? That she does not love me? Mother, mother, you were always stern to me, but I never dreamed this!" she moaned, hiding her face in her hand and sobbing convulsively. The violence of her grief at length exhausted itself, and her hands fell from her tear-stained face, her head drooped—she was fast asleep. How long she lay there she never knew. When she awoke it was with a violent start of terror. The woods reverberated with peals of thunder. She started up; at that instant a flash of lightening almost blinded her, and was succeeded by another peal of thunder. The rain came down in torrents and drenched her to the skin.

Another flash, another peal, and a great tree, the very one against which she had been leaning, cracked, groaned, and then, before the terrified girl could make an effort to escape, it fell forward, bearing her frail young figure before it. She had not time to cry out, even. There she lay in all her innocent beauty, crushed like a bud before its time.

When, after the storm had spent itself, some of the pleasure seekers came to search for the missing girl, they almost stumbled across her body, which lay crushed beneath the giant tree. Her sweet face was turned upward, and her great dark eyes, now glazed and fixed in death, were wide open, with a look of despair and horror frozen in them. The men raised the trunk of the tree with logs for levers, and lifted the body from its place among the fallen leaves and branches and carried it, with its wet golden hair and waxen face, to a wagon, where the young Trevors waited with awed, frightened faces and they drove gently home with their silent burden.

Three days afterward a funeral took it's solemn way from Stonybrook farm to the little church which stood in the midst of the weeping-willows. Mr. Trevor came very near being killed by the shock of his favorite child's death, and his wife——? For a while she was also insane with remorse and grief; she found when too late that her child was dear to her; she has never been the same woman since, and in her bent form and snow-white hair it is hard to recognize the Mrs. Trevor of other days. The country people for miles around know the story and pity the anguished woman, but they know not what a terrible thing is that mother's remorse.

The Clothes-pin as a Civilizer.

A reporter called recently on a wholesale dealer in clothes-pins. The storehouse where the merchant kept his stock was filled with bales and sacks. Hundreds of thousands of clothes-pins were there. The proprietor patted a huge bale with a gentleness suggestive of appreciative affection and discoursed after this manner:

"Clothes-pins are one of the staple exports of this country. In the spring millions are shipped to Europe, the majority being sent to England and France. A family in England without clothes-pins would be like plum-pudding without the pudding. There are five factories in this country which manufacture over 50,000,000,000 of clothes-pins annually. They are situated in New Haven, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston. The lumber which is taken from the Adirondack forests, the spruce especially, is nearly all used in making clothes-pins, but they are of inferior quality and sell at wholesale for 25 cents a gross. They are soft and apt to split upon the line. The yellow pine, maple and hickory are the best woods for pins, as they season easily and the dampness of the washing does not spring them. The greater portion of the wood comes from Maine, and to tell you how many thouands of feet of the good pine woods of that State find their way into clothes-pins would astonish you. It takes only a foot of wood six inches in thickness to produce nearly three hundred pins. The block of the dimensions I have given you is divided into 288 pieces which are thrown into an automatic turning machine capable of turning out 500 pins every ten minutes, and the square pieces of wood throw into the machine by the bushel, come out of it with the neatly turned head and the smooth slot which fits so snugly over the clothesline. The domestic trade in clothes-pins is calculated roughly at 30,500,000,000 yearly. They sell at wholesale for 20 cents a gross for spruce, 20½ cents for pine, 21½ and 22 cents for maple, and 22 cents for hickory.

"It is a singular fact that clothes-pins are seldom used in the extreme South. There the clothing is doubled over the line and allowed to hang until dry, which, owing to the warmth of the climate, is a matter of a short time We first began exporting clothes-pins to Europe in large quantities in 1848, and as the duty on them in foreign ports is only nominal we can sell them cheaper than they can be made there. The American clothes-pins is a civilizer in no slight degree, for where a pin is needed a washing of clothing is essential; a clean person after clean clothing is demanded, and if 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' then the modest clothes-pin is a missionary to be bought by the gross."

Midnight Combat of Dogs.

At midnight about fifty dogs of all sizes and description met on Warren street, Norwich, Conn., an aristocratic and retired quarter, and joined in a free fight. The contest is described by persons who were awakened as terrific. The street was blocked with the mass of writhing forms. No order of battle was observed, all pitching in where there was a chance to bite. Up and down the sidewalks and roadbed the battle raged for about an hour. Many ladies who looked from their chamber windows believed at first that the combat was between wolves and were prostrated with fright several being still indisposed on account of the shock to their nerves. After the battle, when the horde had withdrawn, many limping from the field, several neighbors ventured out of their houses. They found one dog dead on the sidewalk. It was a handsome shepherd belonging to B.F. Mead. It was a favorite with the ladies on account of its beauty and gentleness.

A Winter Resort for Health or Rest.

The rapid pace at which our business affairs are driven at the present time necessitates more frequent pauses for rest than in the days of old when business was conducted more slowly and with greater deliberation. Not only in the exhausting heat of summer, but there should be pauses for rest also in the equally trying days of mid-winter. It is most fortunate, therefore, that for the people of the United States, especially from New York and Philadelphia, there is easily accessible in Atlantic City a place where not only a season of repose for the weary worker may be found but likewise a sanitarium, generously endowed by nature with balmy breezes, warm suns and a uniform temperature, accompanied by all the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life. Four hours ride over the Pennsylvania railroad from New York, and two hours from Philadelphia will bring the invalid or the visitor for pleasure to the delightful city by the sea.

Atlantic City is situated on an island bounded on the south and east by the ocean, and on the other sides by an arm of the sea. Its main exposure is southern, and the welcome rays of the winter sun bathe it in a flood of soft and mellow light. The surrounding waters are open during the year, and only in the coldest snaps does ice form on the inlet. The winds as well as the wave favor this fortunate spot. From the north, northwest and southwest the winds travel for miles over arid and porous sands on which snow never lies, and become dried and warmed in their passage. The southern and eastern winds come in from the sea laden with the heated vapor of the Gulf Stream to tone down the temperature to a delightful degree. We are told by meteorologists that the Gulf Stream, in consequence of its proximity to the coast, affects the temperature more powerfully here than at any other part of the Atlantic coast. Just opposite Atlantic City the stream sweeps in landward to within forty-five miles of the shore, and the heated waters of the Tropics serve as a natural radiator, tempering the harshness of this northern latitude. With all these advantages of site it is not surprising that the thermometer conducts itself with charming propriety at Atlantic City. As winters go it rarely drops below thirty-two degrees, and trustworthy observations show that a fair average for its noon-day reading in mid-winter is forty-five or fifty degrees.

Atlantic City is a city not only in name but in fact having a resident population of seven thousand people. It is laid out in straight, wide avenues bordered with trees and adorned with handsome hotels and artistic villas. Electric lights, a street railway, and a uniformed police attest its municipal importance. There are fine drives along the avenues or on the beach, and all the facilities are at call.

Of hotels there is an unlimited supply. There are rich apartments for the wealthy, comfortable quarters for the independent, humble lodgings for the poor. Many of the first-class hotels remain open throughout the year. With this view they are adapted to use as winter homes, and are as comfortable in mid-winter as they are agreeable in the heat of the dog-days. They are heated by steam and made cosily attractive by open grates. Several of them, have been thoroughly refitted since the close of the summer season. Many of them have bath-houses where one can indulge the luxury of a salt-water bath; and well-arranged sun-parlors, where invalids or others may bask in the bright sunlight without encountering the outer air. These parlors are glass-inclosed porticos, affording excellent indoor promenades.

The health record of Atlantic City is unsurpassed. No epidimic has ever raged there. The drainage is good, the streets are well cleaned and the drinking water is brought fresh and pure from the mainland. Thousands of patients have been sent here by their physicians and returned well and hearty.

Why should we go to Europe in search of health and at great expense when we have here, at our own doors, all the appliances for comfort, invigorating breezes, warm suns, entertainments and sports of all kinds, all of these at prices within the reach of all?

A Night in a Montana Dance House.

Let us enter one of those establishments, where men stake their souls as well as their money in the exciting game in progress. Night had fallen upon the town, and those who labored so assiduously during the day are now out "on pleasure bent." Passing the saloons, with their doors thrown wide open, we see numbers of men playing and drinking in wild hilarity or anxious preoccupation. But we pause not here, although the crowds before these places are often engaged in some fierce altercation which momentarily distracts our attention. Our destination is the 'dance-house," or "hurdy-gurdy," which stands out alone upon the river bank, its doors flung wide open, and a pushing, jostling crowd in front. Edging our way through the rough groups, we perceived that a singularly felicitous occasion has been chosen for this visit. The cow-boys are in town, fresh from the great spring "round up" of cattle. A number of them are standing just inside the door, picturesquely costumed, wide belts strapped about their waists, with the usual brace of navy revolvers, long hunting knife and high boots with sharp spurs.

A friendly little man next to us bends over and whispers softly, "Thar'll be fun ter-night. The cow-boys aze in for a spree."

Music strikes up within. Following the crowd, we find ourselves in a long, low room, at the further end of which three musicians sit upon a small platform, extracting wild, rapid strains of rather questionable music from a banjo and two violins. Ranged along one side of the room are the gambling tables where faro, keno, poker and other games are being played. Opposite is the bar, well-stocked with all sorts of poisonous decoctions in fancy bottles, while the center of the apartment is cleared for the dancing soon to begin. The wild prelude of the musicians being ended, we draw near one of the gambling tables, behind which sits the dealer, a dark-faced, long-haired man, wearing a wide sombrero, with his jeweled hands suggestively near a large ivory-handled revolver. A row of silver coins and several little heaps of gold, extended the entire length of the table, and the dealer's watchful eye is constantly fixed upon them, although he deales out faro checks with the rapidity of lightening, drawing in the bank's gains with the same quickness and nonchalance.

At these tables the besetting sin of gambling is revealed in its worst aspect. Thousands of dollars often change hands in a single night, and many deluded men, elated by a single "stroke of luck," as they term it, fly to the gambling table, and with straining eyes and desperate mind see their earnings raked in by the watchful dealer, who is always cautious, stern and inflexible. The lives of scores of young men have been wrecked here, and a single glance at the haggard players should prove a lasting warning to all who are drawn into similar danger.

From this scene we turn our attention to the dancers. The stentorian voice of the banjoist is heard. "Gents, select your pardners."

The gents, however, become suddenly bashful at this, and slide off to the corner of the room. But they are quickly followed and persuaded by main force to form quadrille sets on the floor, the musicians strike into "Captain Jinks," with hideous variations, and the dancing begins.

But the furious frolic, which is altogether indescribable, soon ends, for the music ceases suddenly, and the stentorian voice roars out again: "Gents, escort yer pardners to the bar."

So securely held that they cannot escape, the "gents" are hurried up to the bar, where they are obliged to pay a dollar a couple for any of the nauseating decoctions they may choose to order. This performance is repeated over and over again all night in these places and generally the rooms remain crowded. Often fatal quarrels occur among the cow boys, and no man's life is really safe within the precincts of these dens.

The Formal Call.

Whatever may betide, men have good cause to rejoice that they bear no part in that crowning bore of all bores known as the "formal call." That is a feminine institution. It is an invention of the sex, and the sex groans under its yoke. Man smokes his Durham in beatific peace, whilst the wife and daughters pay tribute to the formal call. He hears the *sotto voce* prayer that parties will be out and that the matter can be dispatched with a card. He quietly notes the sigh of relief when the exhausted women return after hours of social distress. He observes the tax of dress incident to the affair, the bad temper it invokes and the hypocrisy and total absence of any equivalent in the way of pleasure for all this slavish adherence to custom, and them dimly realizes the miraculous felicity of his own escape from such thraldom, and it may be takes comfort in the thought that the whole business falls totally on those who have made him pay the piper for countless other freaks and whims of fashion and caprice, The elasticity of conscience with which the gentle creatures endeavor to mitigate the infliction of the formal call by convenient fibs, furnishes the masculine monster some amusing food for study, and it may be doubted whether he would budge an inch to abolish the formal call. It is diamond cut diamond; women annoying women. In such a transaction the wise man holds aloof and lets the dainty belligerents masquerading as friends manage the hollow and artificial show as suits themselves. It is not often that he has an opportunity of keeping out of a game in which women array their wits against the common tyrant, man. He is at liberty to be judiciously silent and hear the fair prattlers discuss each other in a style utterly unlike the fancy pictures of novelists and poets, and if he doesn't get some wholesome enlightenment he is hopelessly stupid. The formal call is an eye-opener. In its inception, progress and sequel it illuminates the dull brain of man as to the infinite variety, versatility and grim elasticity of that delightful compound of puffs, powder and passion known as woman.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., March, 19, '84.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH RAILWAYS.

A Striking Contrast Presented by the Experience of a Scotish Traveler.

[From the Scotsman, Edinburg, Jan. 7.]

SIR:—Circumstances of friendship called me suddenly in October last to the Northwest of America. The summons came on Thursday by telegram. On Friday I secured, by the same means, a berth in the celebrated steamer Alaska, which left Liverpool next afternoon; and in seven days one hour from Queenstown I landed at New York. It was a fine Sunday morning, and having, like all the rest of the passengers, "checked" my baggage to the hotel I intended to go to, a friend and myself walked up town. After booking our names and reading some letters and having a look at the papers, we proceeded to our apartments, where we found the baggage awaiting us. The cost of checking—which in my case amounted to fifty cents (or 2s.) for three pieces—was afterwards included in the hotel bill.

Two days later I left for the west by the limited express by the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. My ticket, which I had secured the day before at one of the railroad offices in Broadway, not far from the hotel, cost $20 to Chicago, with $10 extra for the use of sleeping and dining cars; and my baggage, it need scarcely be said, was checked from hotel in New York to Chicago, and charged for in the bill as usual. The distance by this road is a little under 1000 miles, which was done in 25 hours and 30 minutes, and the cost was less than for a corresponding distance at home. But in the manner of traveling the difference is overwhelmingly in favor of America. The car by which I journeyed was built of mahogany, inlaid with graceful floral decorations, and furnished in the most sumptuous manner. Heated by concealed steam-pipes, a comfortable temperature was maintained night and day, and, although snow streaks the Alleghanies, and smaller streams were covered with ice, nobody among the passengers seemed to think rugs, &c., a necessary portion of their traveling impedimenta. Our hideous lead foot-warmers were conspicuous by the absence. At either end of the car were capacious lavatories and relative conveniences—one for ladies, the other gentlemen, equipped with soap, clean towels, brushes, combs, &c., and a filter with fresh drinking water. From the time of leaving New York till arriving at Chicago, no passenger need leave the cars. Attached to the sleeping car is a dining car, equally sumptuously fitted, and also a smoking car, both of which are especially reserved for those who pay the extra $10, and which, in reality constitute first-class accommodation. In the dining car, at $1 each, one can have three meals daily, from a bill of fare that erred only in its profuse abundance and variety of well-cook food. The use of stimulants seems to be falling into discredit among the better class of Americans, for neither on this occasion nor afterwards did any wine, beer, or spirits appear on the tables, nor did I ever hear them asked for. Afterwards, those who felt disposed that way retired to the smoking car; but the sleeping car contained a small, neatly-fitted up cabinet, where such as sought private conversation over a cigar might resort.

In short, the new first-class American cars exceed by far in elegance, convenience, and comfort the rare Pullmans seen on this line, and I venture to say no European monarch travels by rails so sumptuously as our republican cousins.

At dawn I saw from my comfortable bed, in which everything was so scrupulously fresh and clean, that we were gliding with scarce any vibration, over the prairies of Illinois; and on nearing Chicago I checked my baggage to the Grand Pacific, whither I was carried by one of the hotel omnibuses, and where I found it shortly afterwards. Subsequently, in traveling through the states of Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, for considerable distance by team, I had frequent occasions to "check" my heavy baggage by rail to various points in advance on my route, and never in a single instance did I experience any difficulty in procuring delivery of it on the production of my "checks."

On my return at the end of November, and having no use for rugs, &c., and in the comfortable cars, I checked my baggage, save a dressing bag, from a station not far from the Manitoba frontier straight through to New York. On my arrival there three days afterwards, instead of checking my baggage to the hotel where I intended to put up, I checked it to the dock of the steamer by which I was to sail the following morning: and there, on driving from the hotel, I found it awaiting me at the shore-end of the gangway as I was about to embark—never having once seen or troubled myself about it since I left Litchfield, 2000 miles away, and having changed cars and lines of road twice—at St. Paul and Chicago.

Now mark the contrast. I arrived at Liverpool, gave up my baggage to the Northwestern Railway Company, without any voucher or check being interchanged, and proceed to Lime street by a suburban railway from the dock gates in evil-smelling carriages which American fellow-travelers scorufully stigmatised as "bunks," and into which we were locked like criminals. It was a wet, gloomy day, and after my pleasant American experience I felt like one who had "come down in the world." On afterwards applying for my baggage at Lime street station, I was not only obliged to produce my card as evidence of identity, but I had to go down into a deep dark cellar to point out the packages; and after all this unnecessary bother I had to pay more than at New York, where baggage was carried double the distance. But the charge is a mere secondary consideration. It is the restless anxiety and worry our system—or rather the entire want of system—needlessly impose on you from starting till arriving at your destination that is so provoking.

And it may not be inappropriate here to remark on the gratuitous farce presented at the examination of passengers' baggage by the Custom House officers. Seeing that cigars are dearer and infinitely worse in America than at home, and that no sane person would think of smuggling a bottle of "old Bourbon," what can be the object of exposing passengers to the humiliating ordeal of opening and turning over the contents of their portmanteaus in a windy dock warehouse, unless it be from sheerly stupid traditional custom, and to furnish employment to a set of seedy persons whose appearance and manners are not calculated to predispose the stranger in favor of the country that welcomes him in this fashion. Of course nothing contraband was discovered on this occasion; and never is, as I was told by one of the dock officials, who evidently regarded the searchers as a questionable "lot." In a free trade country, such as ours, this rigorous examination of baggage is a relic of barbarism; and the saving of the state from the abolition of these Custom House myrmidons would, I am sure, far more than compensate for any possible loss to the revenue from the fact of an occasional ill-conditioned passenger. Nothing would more effectually serve to hasten the conversion of our American cousins to the dotrine and practice of free trade than to welcome them to British soil without having to undergo the forbidden ordeal they have at present to encounter on landing on their own shores.

I respectfully submit the suggestion to the consideration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But the most remarkable contrast was reserved for my return to Scotland. Traveling down by a night train, I was half frozen with cold till arrival at Carlisle, where we were detained an hour and a half for the London train, and where the fire in the waiting room merely served to remind one how cold and comfortless the place was. Sleep was out of the question, and I landed at Princes street station stiff and almost numb with cold. "At the hotel close by I repaired my reduced "manse" with a hot bath and a good Scotch breakfast. But why should one be thus tortured with cold and rendered miserable in deference to an ancient "use and wont" that is now becoming obsolete among all civilized people? In America, if detained, you do not warm your toes by the fire, but sit in a comfortably warmed room, and you finish a journey of a thousand miles as fresh and comfortable as when you start.

The climax of my home experience was reached at the Waverly station, to which I drove from the hotel, directing the cabman to drive as near the Fife train platform as possible; and the porter who came up to take charge of my baggage was told to take it to the Fife train. Having no loose change in pocket, I asked the cabman to wait till I got my ticket. On my return, about five minutes afterward, neither cab nor porter were visible anywhere; and failing to find the latter on the platform or any sign of my baggage, one of the officials and myself explored the station, as far as time would permit, but without success. Having written that I would be home by that train, and leaving the cab fare with the official already referred to, I came away without my baggage, which only reached me two days afterwards. Had this *contretemps* occurred when on my way to Liverpool for America, it would not only have occasioned serious inconvenience and delay, but possibly the forfeiture of my passage money.

It is quite unnecessary to decribe the American check system, with which all the traveling world is now familiar. I first became acquainted with it as a boy thirty-five years ago, since when I have been three times in the country, and have had on each occasion the more to admire this simple and admirable system, which saves one from the worst worries of traveling here.

Americans cannot understand how we quietly submit to travel in carriages in which we are half frozen in winter, which are very, very stuffy in summer, and in which murder and other outrages may be committed with impunity, while our baggage system they regard as simply barbaric.

It is because I agree with my American friends that I have noted down these reflections, in the hope that they may contribute, in however small degree, to rouse our railroad directors to a recognition of the disgracefully uncomforiable and inconvenient accommodations afforded by them to the traveling public. I am, &c., SCOTUS.

——If you want the "American Farmer," one year free of cost, read the advertisement in another column.

NATURE IN SIBERIA.

[Chamber's Journal.]

"The history of animal and vegetable life on the tundra, says our author, "is a very curious one. For eight months out of the twelve every trace of vegetable life is completely hidden under a blanket six feet thick of snow, which effectually covers every plant and bush—trees there are none to hide. During six months of the time, at least, animal life is only traceable by the footprints of the reindeer or a fox on the snow, or by the occasional appearance of a raven, snow owl wandering above the limits of forest growth, where it has retired for the winter. For two months in midwinter the sun never rises above the horizon, and the white snow reflects only the fitful light of the moon, the stars, and the aurora borealis. Early in Febuary the sun only just peeps upon the scene for a few minutes at noon, and then retires. Day by day he prolongs his visit more and more, until February, March, April and May have passed, and continuous night have become continuous day. Early in June the sun only just touches the horison at midnight, but does not set any more for some time.

"Then comes the south wind, and often rain, and the great event of the year takes place—the ice on the great river breaks up and the blanket of snow melts away. The black earth absorbs the heat of the never-setting-sun; quietly but swiftly vegetable life awakens from its long sleep and for three months a hot summer produces a brilliant Alpine flora, like an English flower-garden run wild, and a profusion of Alpinfruit, diversified only by storms from the north which sometimes for a day or two bring cold and rain down from the Arctic Ice.

"But wonderful as is the transformation in the aspect of the vegetable world in these regions the change in animal life is far more sudden and more striking. The breaking up of the ice on the great rivers is, of course, the sensational event of the season. It is probably the grandest exhibition of stupendous power to be seen in the world. Storms at sea and hurricanes on land are grand enough in their way, but the power displayed seems to be an angry power which has to work itself into a passion to display its greatness. The silent upheaval of a gigantic river, four miles wide, and the smash-up of the six-feet-thick ice upon it at the rate of twenty square miles an hour, is, to my mind a more majestic display of power; but for all that the arrival of migratory birds, so suddenly and in such countless numbers, appeals more forcibly to the imagination perhaps because it is more mysterious.

M. G. Delaunay, in a recent communication to the Biological Society, observed that medicine, as practiced by animals, is thoroughly empirical, but that the same may be said of that practiced by inferior human races, or in other words, by the majority of the human species. Animals instinctively choose such food as is best suited to them. M. Delaunay maintains that the human race also shows this instinct and blames medical men for not paying sufficient respect to the likes and dislikes of the patients, which he believes to be a guide that may be depended on. Women are more often hungry than men, and they do not like the same kinds of food; nevertheless, in asylum for aged poor men and women are put on precisely the same regimen. Infants scarcely weaned are given a diet suitable to adults—meat and wine, which they dislike, and which disagree with them. M. Delaunay investigated this question in the different asylums of Paris, and ascertained that children do not like meat before they are about five years of age. People who like salt, vinegar, &c, ought to be allowed to satisfy their tastes. Lorain always taught that with regard to food people's likings are the best guide. A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe, as elephants, stags, birds, and ants. M. Delaunay lays down as a general rule that there is not any species of animal which voluntarily runs the risk of inhaling emanations arising from their own excrement. If we turn our attention to the question of reproduction, we shall see that all mammals suckle their young, keep them clean, wean them at the proper time, and educate them; but these maternal instincts are frequently rudimentary in women of civilized nations. In fact, man may take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals. Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink water and sometimes even plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite, it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass (*chiendent*), which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek certain herbs. When dogs are constipated they eat fatty substances, such as oil and butter, with avidity, until they are purged. The same thing is observed in horses. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps, as far as possible, in the sun. The warrior ant have regularly organized ambulances. Latreille cut the antennae of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee be wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog on being stung in the muzzle by a viper was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it; the animal recovered. A terrier dog hurt its right eye; it remained lying under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although habitually it kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatmtut consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry. Cats also, when hurt, treat themselves by this simple method of continuous irrigation. M. Delaunay cites the case of a cat which remained for some time lying on the bank of a river; also that of another cat which had the singular fortitude to remain for forty-eight hours under a jet of cold water. Animals suffering from rheumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold water, which M. Delaunay considers to be more certain than any of the other methods. In view of these interesting facts, we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics, as practiced by animals, may, in the interests of psychology, be studied with advantage. He could go even further and say that veterinary medicine and, perhaps human medicine, could gather from them some useful indications, precisely because they are prompted by instincts which are efficacious in the preservation or the restoration of health.—*British Medical Journal.*

Mr. Gough on Silk Hats.

"It would be no violation of the commandment" said John B. Gough, "if a man were to fall down and worship the silk hat, for it is not made in the likeness of anything in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters which are under the earth." Besides it heats the head and causes the hair to fall off. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop that and restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Not oily, not a dye, beneficial, deliciously perfumed. A perfect hair dressing. 50c. All druggists. mar

NEW BOOM!—New goods in the hardware line, at the lowest possible figures and at a great reduction in price, for cash, at J. O. Heininger's Mammoth Centre Hall Hardware Store. Also a good White sewing machin , ch a . 12mr3m

——Latest styles and best quality Sedora hats, only $2.50 at the Bee Hive.

Not extensive advertising but genuine merit has placed McDonald's Improved Liver Pills at the head of the list. The most scrupulous and exacting care exercised in selection of material; the highest chemical skill employed in their manufacture, and sold on an honest guarantee. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray. tf

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FRESHEST AND FINEST LINE OF

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TURKEY PRUNES, 8c per lb.
FRENCH PRUNES, 15c " "
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Java Coffee
Give it a trial.

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Cost, COST, Cost.

DRY GOODS & NOTION
DEPARTMENT

always complete, and prices will compare with all legitimate dealers.

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CENTRE HALL,

HAVE RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

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HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

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FOR THE WHISKERS

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SNAPS FOR YOU SNAPS FOR YOU!

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$40,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, & CAPS, &c., AT ALMOST HALF PRICE!

Read this through to the end. There is something that will strike you. Then come with your sheckles. Come soon, because we will offer things at less than we can replace them, for after they are sold, we can't pick up such bargains every day. Just some chances.

Wool Brocaded Fine Dress Goods 15 cts. a yard, Elsewhere 30c.
Another lot 8 cents a yard.

One lot of good Gingham	7 cts a yard
One lot of best Gingham	9 " "
White Bed Spreads	45 " "
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Best Calicos	6 " "
Best Shirting	8 " "
Plaid Flannels	1 " "
Red Table Linen	18 " "
Double White Cashmeres	18 " "
All Wool Black and Colored Cashmeres	37 " "
Red Plaid Flannels	1 " "
Ladies' Gossamers	25 " "

ALL WOOL CASHMERES BLACK & COLORED, AT LEAST ONE-THIRD CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE.

Plaid Dress Goods	5, 8 & 10 cts a yard.
Appleton "A" Muslin	7½cts a yard
Red all Wool Flannels from	15cts up
One extra quality Black Silk at 50 and 75 cts a yard, other places	$1 00 to 1 25
One lot extra quality Black Silk $1, elsewhere	1 50
One lot extra superb quality Black Silk $1 25, elsewhere	2 00
One lot extra heavy Superb Quality Black Silk, $1 75, elsewhere	2 50 & 3 00

COLORED SILK, EXTRA HEAVY, 75cts. IN ALL THE NEW SHADES.

Colored silks from	50cts a yard
A new and superb quality all Silk Satin Rhodena	75cts., City prices $1 50
The finest quality 1½ yard wide, all Wool Dress Cloth and Flannel, $1 per yard, same quality elsewhere	$1 25 per yard
Silk Plushes from	75cts up
Silk Velvets	1 00 & 1 25 up
Velveteen from	35cts up
Colored Blankets from	75cts a pair up
White Blankets from	1 65 a pair up
Undershirts and Drawers from	20 cts up
Ladies' Hose 4 pair for	20 cts
Children's H se 4 pair fr	25 cts
Men's Socks 4 pair for	25 cts
Men's Wool Hose 18 cts per pair, elsewhere	30 cts
Men's fine seamless all Wool Hose	18 cts a pair.

SHOES AT HALF PRICE.

Ladies' Shoes Good Calf	$1 00 a pair
Ladies' Calf Shoes	2 25 a pair
Children's Shoes	25c, 30c. & 40 c. a pair
Ladies' Button Shoe from	$1 00 a pair
Ladies Button Shoes Finest Quality	1 50 a pair
Best quality, Warranted	1 50 to 2 00
French Kid	2 50 to 3 50

WRIGHT'S BEST ROCHESTER MAKE.

Men's Heavy Winter Pants	75cts a pair
Men's Heavy Winter Pants	$1 00, 1 25 & 1 50
Children's Suits from	1 00 and up

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

Men's Overcoats	$3 00, 4 00, & 5 00 and up
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Men's Heavy Boots	1 00 per pair
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Ladies's Castor and Kid Gloves	25 cts per pair
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Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
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CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all stye,

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DRUGS, SPICES and PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds.

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A Prize. Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1y

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 P.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	7.00	9.10	9.40	6.40	7.20
Lewisburg, ar.	7.10	9.20	9.45	15.0	5.30
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.05	2.10	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.13	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.27	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		10.36	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.00	.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.26	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4	6	8 P.M.	10 P.M.
Spring Mills	5.58				1.50
Coburn	6.1				2.20
Laurelton	7.30				3.40
Milmont	7.40				3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.	8.00			A.M.	4.15
Mifflinburg, lv.	8.00			11.55	4.15
			P.M.		
Vicksburg	8.15		12.10		4.32
Biehl	8.00		12.13		4.38
Fair Ground	8.30		12.23		4.38
Lewisburg, ar. A.M	8.35		12.30		5.55
Lewisburg, lv. 6.35	8.45	9.25	1.10		5.00
Montandon ar. 6.45	ar.9.00	ar.9.35	ar.1.20		ar.5.10

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.35 P. M. and 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 6.00 P. M. and 7.55 P. M.

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A sixteen page agricultural magazine, published at Ft. Wayne, Ind., and which is rapidly taking rank as one the leading agricultural journals of the country. It is devoted exclusively to the interests of the Farmer, Stock Breeder, Dairyman, Gardener, and their Household, and every species of industry connected with that great portion of the people of the world, the Farmer. The subscription price is 50 cts. per year. Farmers can not well get along without it. It puts new ideas into their minds. It teaches them how to farm with profit to themselves. It makes the home happy, the young folks cheerful, the grower contented, the downcast happy, and the demagogue honest.

When you come to think of it, it is not odd that literary people prefer a pipe to a cigar. It is handier to smoke when they are writing, and ever so much cleaner. And then it gives them the true essence and flavor of the tobacco.

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ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS, $5; 3 MONTHS, $7

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An English Veterinary surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

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Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 26, 1883

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CROUP INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION & A PLEASANT AND SURE CURE

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

"The Geological Testimony to the Antiquity of man in America" was considered by Professor Willis De Hass in a carefully prepared paper which he read at the American association. After referring to a skeleton disinterred at Natchez, Mississippi of very uncertain antiquity, and the remains yielded by the Trenton gravel formation, which he was disposed to place at even a pre-glacial period, the speaker mentioned the caverns as constituting the best sources of information as to human antiquities. They show evidences of the existence of man on this continent long antedating the mound period and would, he had no doubt hereafter become as celebrated for human antiquities as were the caverns of Belgium and France. He attributed the ancient copper workings of Lake Superior to a prehistoric race and asserted that a greater amount of labor had been performed by the miners in a space of less than two thousand acres than two thousand men working twenty years could perform in our time. All the mines of the Lake Superior region he added gave evidence of having been wrought by a prehistoric race. Prf. DeHass did not, however consider that the mounds and mural works of the west and south bore evidence of a high antiquity—of more perhaps than two thousand years. They might be assigned to a people intermediate between the mound builders and the Indians.

The locality of the boy who asked a druggist for five cents worth of cube root is as hard to determine as the man who struck the unfortunate Patterson.

FIGURES WON'T LIE.

Figures showing the enormous yearly sales of Kidney-Wort demonstrate its value as a medicine beyond dispute. It is a purely vegetable compound of certain roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in kidney troubles. Combined with these are remedies acting directly on the liver and bowels. It is because of this combined action that Kidney-Wort has proved such an unequalled remedy in all diseases of these organs.

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At this season of the year when your cows fail in milk, your horses get rough in coat, your pigs refuse to thrive, and the hens don't lay as they should, you will find a package or two of McDonald's Celebrated Tonic and Blood Purifying Horse and Cattle Powder, judiciously administered, an investment that will pay big. This is positively the best horse and cattle powder made. J. D. Murray sleis it. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. tf

HUMAN BONDAGE IN AIRZONA.

Washington, Mar 10.—D. M. Riordan of the Navajo Indian Agency writes from Fort Defiance, Arizona, that a boy recently killed by a member of Francisco Capitain's band was a slave of the murder. The owners of slaves have always held that they have absolute power over them, and they think as little of killing one of them as of killing a dog. They beat and starve them and act toward them as slave drivers generally do. The agent adds: 'The Indian seemed unable to comprehend why I took so much interest in a dead slave. I learned from Francisco Capitain that the entire family of the murdered boy and five other persons were held as slaves. The original slaves were two Moqui girls who were bought for corn four generations ago. All their descendants were considered slaves and so treated. Some time ago the father of the murdered boy asserted his right to be free. The killing of the boy was thought to be the proper way to remind the father of his dependent condition. I determined to secure the liberation of all the remaining slaves and demanded that all those now among the Indians who are held in bondage should be set free. They said it would completely ruin them. One old villain wanted to know who would take care of him if his slaves were taken away.'

Agent Riordan says he insisted that all the slaves should be freed and the Indians finally acceded to his demand. He estimates that there are about 300 persons held inslavery by this tribe. Some of them are war captives, and others were procured by trade or purchase. Their descendants, he says, are always considered slaves. The Indian Bureau has approved the action of Agent Riordan, and will render him every assistance possible in carrying out his plans.

The construction of a machine which would exhibit accurately the motions, distances, and magnitudes of the planets, and could be kept in running order for three hundred years, is an impossibility. Such a piece of mechanism would require the skill of the Great Architects of worlds.

The history of the Strassburg clock and the planetarium connected with it bears witness, like everything else, to the imperfection of workmanship, and the frequent necessity of changes and repairs.

The clock stands in the cathedral, and dates back to 1352, when it was put up under the patronage of Berthold de Buchek, at that time Bishop of Strassburg. As time passed on, the clock got out of order, and in 1547 three distinguished mathematicians were commisioned to put it in repair. They all died before the work was finished and Conard Dasypodius undertook the responsible task, which he completed in four years. The clock worked well until 1783, the year of the Great Revolution, when it struck for the last time.

It was left undisturbed for nearly fifty years, and fell into a dilapidated condition mournful to behold. An effort was then made for its restoration. This was found to be impossible, for the works were rendered almost useless by rust and verdigris. Finally, Schwilgue, and artist an mathematician of Strassburg, undertook to repair, modify, and reinstate the clock. He commenced the task in 1836, and, after working four years, completed it in 1840.

Now that cool den and violent changes of weather occur every 24 hours almost every one is troubled with coughs and colds making a reliable, effective and trustworthy cough medicine a desirable article. In this connection Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine is especially worthy of note—it never fails; it never disappoints. Instructions for treatment of croup and whooping cough accompany each bottle. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. Sold by J. D. Murray. tf

Advices received are to the effect that the foot and mouth disease has appeared near Wapella, Lousia Co., Ia. Nothing additional has been learned regarding the situation near Effingham, Ill.

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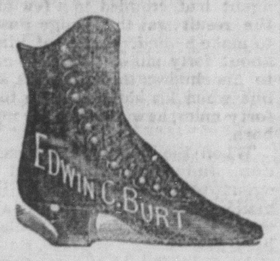

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IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

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Another Large Fire.

PHILADELPHIA, March 6.—The extensive oil cloth works of George W. Blabon & Sons, at Nicetown, took fire this morning. Blabon's works are among the largest in the state. The works comprise several tall brick buildings, and over 500 men are employed. Their value, including machinery, is estimated at nearly a million of dollars. The loss is estimated at $50,000 to $75,000. The works are insured for between $150,000 and $160,000. The following is a partial list of the companies: North American, $10,000; American, $10,000; Queen, $10,000; Boston Underwriters, $10,000; London Provincial, $2,500; Hamburg-Bremen, $4,000; Sterling, $1,500; Manufacturers and Builders, New York, $1,000; Manufacturers, Boston, $2000; Commercial, California, $2,500; Pennsylvania Fire, $6,000; Reliance, $5,000; Fire Association, $7,500; Montauk, $1,000; Farragut, $1,500; Nassau, $1,500; Mechanics' and Traders', New York, $2,500.

Arthur or Logan.

NEW YORK, March 6.—Ex-United States Senator Saunders, of Nebraska, who has just arrived from Washington and is on his way back to his adopted state, is at the Gilsey house. "Out in Illinois," he said, "Logan appears to be taking the lead, but in Nebraska we are so far without any particular choice. Arthur stands well with my people and so do Logan and Harrison. I think there is little doubt that the fight for the Republican nomination will be narrowed down to Arthur and Logan.

"Blaine stands well, but he is considered a man whose nomination would not inspire a feeling of certain victory for the Republican ticket. McDonald, of Indiana, is the Democratic favorite in my state, and I think the Democratic delegates will be solid for him."

Found Guilty of Murder.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., March 7.—The trial of Mickey Smith, a policeman of Prospect borough, for the killing of John Monahan by shooting with a pistol in a saloon in Augusta, 1883, ended in a verdict of murder in the first degree. The defense will apply for a new trial.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and ending in misery, decay and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 a box, or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

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The celebrated vegetable Blood Purifier. It immediately cures Headache, Constipation, Purifies the Skin. Mailed anywhere upon receipt of 25 cents. Unsurpassed for Children. EISNER & MENDELSON, 220 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhœa, Syphilitic and Rerorial Affections, Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

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MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT.
We are now receiving our Spring Stock of Woolens to which an early call of inspection is most respectfully solicited. There being always a lull between seasons, therefore in order to keep our tailors working we will allow a SPECIAL DISCOUNT on all orders given up to March 1st.

Store lighted by Electricity so that you can make selections by night as well as by day. Also Telephone Connection.

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AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent bounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.
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Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14mar

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IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

She gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robe she wore;
It folds a golden belt embraced,
One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank; its lessening round
Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew;
Behold! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamonds set anew,
Her neck's white column spanned.

Soon rise and set the straining clasp
The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
The diamond, on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past,
The thieving years could bring,
The jewel, glittering to the last,
Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,
So loosen, break and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all.

MOST ROMANTIC.

She was certainly a lovely girl, such as any man might well be proud of knowing: at least so seemed to think her companion, Cecil Gray, for he gazed and loved—and loving, gazed again.

"Cecil," she murmured, "Cecil, it seems strange, nay, almost impossible, that you should love me, poor Grace Gardner, a lonely orphan, without friends or fortune, and more than all, your sister's governess."

The manly face beside her flushed with a loving look as he replied:

"Strange, my darling, it may be, but not one whit the less true, that I love you with an intensity that shall outlive every evil or ill that a cold and unsympathetic world can possibly pour upon us. For you, my dearest, I can glory in relinquishing every wish and ambition of my life—home, friends and fortune—and willingly commence to labor for the daily bread that your love and presence shall turn into veritable manna."

"Oh, Cecil," she exclaimed, "it seems so terribly selfish to allow you to give up so much for me! And who knows, you may some day regret so great a sacrifice? Nay, rather let me go away, and try to find peace away from you; happiness were impossible."

"Darling Gracie," he exclaimed, in alarm, "for my sake never mention such an idea again! What pleasure do you suppose all the riches of earth could afford me, unless I had you to share them?"

"Then, dear Cecil, I will say no more only to beseech you to press me no more to—to——'

"To marry me?" he asked, laughingly.

"Yes," she replied, blushing, "until you have avowed to Colonel and Mrs. Gray your preference for my humble self. Who can tell what might follow? Mrs. Gray has been kind and considerate to me during the short time I have been here. Perhaps they may not despise my dependent position, and, consenting to our union, all may be bright and joyous."

"I will do as you wish, love," he replied, fondly, though I have little hope of success, for you do not know her as well as I do. But if I fail, darling, will you promise to face poverty at once with me and become my bride? I have a hundred a year—left me by an aunt—which my parents cannot touch or interfere with. This will keep us from want until I can meet with employment. Say, Gracie, darling, shall it be so? You do not fear poverty with me?"

"Fear!" she exclaimed. "I fear nothing with you."

He would have been less than a lover had he not fervently pressed those rosy lips to his own in true lover fashion.

It was the afternoon of the next day, while Grace Gardner was giving a music lesson to her affectionate and pretty little pupil (Cecil Gray's only sister), that the school room door was thrown open in an ominous manner, and Mrs. Gray, tall and stately, with robes fashionable and flowing—walked into the room.

One glance at her haughty and angry countenance told Grace her errand.

She sent little Mabel away to her nurse, and then, turning to the governess, said:

"And now, Miss Gardner, I have to request that you will find it convenient to leave this house this afternoon."

"Scarcely this afternoon," replied Grace, quickly. It is now too late to reach my friends to-day. To-morrow morning I shall have no objection to comply with your request."

"Intolerable—your insolence is intolerable!" exclaimed the lady, walking angrily up and down the room. "I tell you you shall go at once! You do not sleep another night under this roof!"

"May I be allowed to inquire the cause of so sudden and urgent a dismissal?" asked Grace, in the same quiet tone.

"Ask!" said Mrs. Gray, scornfully. "Your conscience must tell you well enough! Here, you have not been in the house two months, and you have laid your snares so cleverly that you have succeeded in entrapping my only son. And so skilfully and slily have you played your part that I had not a suspicion of what was going on until that bewitched youth, fascinated with your doll's face, has dared to ask our consent to his marriage with you—you, who may be the daughter of a costermonger for all we know! This comes of taking girls on a lady's recommendation, instead of applying to those who have previously engaged them! I shall take care to let Lady Powis know what kind of a protegee she has recommended!"

Grace's face flushed, as she replied, with dignity:

"Truly, madame, you might have stated your cause of complaint in gentler terms. Since you confess yourself ignorant of my parentage, does it not occur to you that I am as likely to prove the daughter of a duke as of a costermonger, in which case, I presume, you would consider your son honored by an alliance with me?"

"The daughter of a duke indeed! You are nothing but a hardy adventuress; and let me tell you, miss, never presume to see my son again! Should he dare to continue to address you, in defiance of his lawful guardians, he will be disinherited; and, as it is the money and not the man you want, I have no fear as to what course you will pursue with regard to him!"

So saying, she swept from the room. Grace then wrote a short note as follows:

"DEAR CECIL:

"Your suspicions were correct. I am turned from your mother's house because I have dared to love and be loved by you. It were better for us to part now, though I can scarcely bring myself to write such dreadful words. Let me at least see you once more to say farewell. I shall stay until to-morrow at Mrs. Jones' cottage in the village. Yours,

"GRACE."

She then left the same address with Mrs. Gray's maid, in order that her boxes might be sent to her; and then wrapping a dark cloak around her, and donning a lace hat, she set out for Mrs. Jones', who was an old woman, to whom she had given money and kind words during her short residence in London; not, however, before she had stolen silently and unobserved to a sequestered part of the grounds and carefully laid her note to Cecil Gray in a hole beneath a large stone, which hole—to judge by the careful manner in which it was made and arranged—had already been the receptacle of similar messages.

It was a glorious evening toward the close of July when, in a handsome room in a fashionable hotel in the Lake district, Cecil Gray sat alone with his beauteous bride.

The evening sunset was lighting up lakes, mountains, and woods with silent beauty.

Grace had been busy writing, but her letter was finished, and as she raised her lovely head she exclaimed:

"Oh, Cecil, how perfectly enchanting this sunset is! My darling, your love is to me what the setting sun is to nature; it fills me with a bright, rosy happiness, which changes my whole being, and makes it as bright as the setting sun makes you lovely landscape!"

"Heaven bless you for saying so, darling wife! Nothing on earth could add to the beauty of my beloved's face, that is already perfect!"

She blushed in silent happiness, and for awhile they watched the glowing scene with a joy too deep for words.

Presently he said, playfully:

"And whom has my dear wife been writing to?"

"To Lady Powis," she replied, promptly, "though I must ask you in this one instance to excuse me from showing you the letter. Lady Powis is an old friend of my dear dead mother, and to her I owe more than words can express. She is immensely rich and very influential, and it was entirely my own fault that I took an engagement as governess instead of remaining with her. I have now written to her of my marriage, and it is just possible that she may be able and willing to find you some suitable appointment."

"You dear, kind, thoughtful wife! I cannot say, but I hope she may for your sake; for I fear, love, that unless something turns up, I shall have to forego the pleasure of seeing you attired in such costly raiment as this, and this," he replied, touching almost reverently her rich black silk dress and the beautiful lace she wore around wrists and neck.

"That would never grieve me," said she, lightly, "I shall be as happy in serge as in satin, if dear Cecil only loves me."

"However, before we make up our minds to poverty, let us wait and see what Lady Powis has to say."

The return post brought a letter from Lady Powis, congratulating her dear Gracie upon the happy marriage she had formed; and then went on to invite the young couple to come to her on a visit as soon as their honeymoon was ended; wishing, however, that they would come on the morning of the first of August, as on the evening of that day she was to give a grand ball—the last of the season—in honor of the return of her niece, Lady Gertrude Gordon, from a three months' visit to a cousin in Germany."

"There, now!" said Gracie, clapping her pretty hands.

"But you must order a ball-dress, my love," said Cecil; "My pearl must be set in as fine gold as any other at this ball."

"Oh, leave that to me, dear," said she. "Only you must promise me not to fall in love with Lady Gertrude."

"Is she very pretty, then?"

"You shall tell me if you think her so when you see her," said Grace, laughing.

The morning of the first arrived, and found Cecil and his bride with Lady Powis by noon.

Grace was received with a loving welcome by her friend, who said that Lady Gertrude was resting for the evening, until when she would not appear.

There was to be a plain dinner before the ball, at which two old friends were to dine en famille.

The ladies were to dine in their ball-dresses to escape the fatigue and hurry of a second dressing.

When Grace appeared attired attired for the evening Cecil could not but marvel both at her wondrous beauty and the graceful splendor of her apparel.

She wore a dress of white satin, trimmed with real Honiton lace and bunches of clematis and lilies-of-the-valley; but more than that there glittered on her neck and arms diamonds and pearls of great value.

"See," she said, approaching him, "these are Lady Powis' bridal gifts—are they not lovely?"

"Lovely indeed," said Cecil, intoxicated with her beauty; "but not half so beautiful as my darling wife, who is, I feel sure, to be the belle of the ball to-night," and he pressed her fair form warmly to his manly breast.

Proudly he gave her his arm and descended to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Gray's heart had beaten with proud triumph when she received the invitation to the ball, and above all to dine en famille with Lady Powis previously, for her social position scarcely entitled her to such an honor,

She was aghast with amazement when she saw her son entering the room, bearing on his arm the "hardy adventuress."

But her humiliation was truly pitiful when Lady Powis, taking the hand of the lovely and smiling bride, led her to them, saying:

"Mrs. and Colonel Gray, allow me to present to you one who, until lately, was my dearly loved niece, Lady Gertrude Gordon, but who is now the wife of your son, and consequently your daughter-in-law."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Cecil, "what mystery is this?"

Grace, or rather Lady Gertrude, broke into a merry peal of silvery laughter.

"Now," said she, gleefully, "this denouement is simply charming; have I not played my part well? and has not dear auntie carried out my plans excellently? This is, I am sure, a most romantic marriage, and I believe will be as happy as romantic," said she, turning fondly to her husband.

"But, my darling," said he, with painful embarrassment, "I cannot understand this at all. Have pity and explain."

"I think I had better do that," said Lady Powis, gracefully. "My niece, like myself, is of a romantic disposition. She was the belle of the season, and her beauty and wealth brought her many admirers; but she refused them all. She told me often that she longed to be loved for herself alone, and not for her wealth and title. You," said she, turning to Colonel and Mrs. Gray, "had but just returned with your son here from a long residence abroad when we saw you at a concert. Gertrude saw you then for the first time," continued she, addressing Cecil, "and on returning home she remarked, 'Auntie, if ever I marry it must be such a man as that.' The next day came Mrs. Gray's letter, asking me, as an old acquaintance, if I could recommend her a governess. Suddenly Gertrude declared her intention of playing the part and accepting the engagement. 'Now, auntie,' said she, 'I will see if there is a man in the world who can love Gertrude Gordon for herself alone.' It was stipulated that she should never be invited into the drawing-room, to prevent her recognition by any who had seen her in her own character. How far her plan has succeeded is seen by the fact that she is now Mrs. Cecil Gray."

"Yes," said Gertrude, turning to her mother-in-law. "It happened that Cecil and I met the first day of my residence with you, while I was walking out with Mabel, after that we met every evening under the elm tree. The pleasure of those happy hours made joyous the duties and restraints of my new position, which would otherwise have proved irksome." Then approaching Mrs. Gray—who was weeping tears of shame and mortification—said, sweetly, "Pardon, dear madame, the deception I practiced upon you; and in a mother's anxiety for the welfare of her son I can cheerfully excuse your apparent harshness to me. I have no mother; let me find one now."

The haughty lady bowed her head, murmuring:

"You overpower me with your goodness; I am not worthy of it."

Gertrude kissed her affectionately, and then passing to the Colonel, said:

"I see I need not plead here for a father's kiss."

"Good heavens! no. I'd no idea there was such a beauty in my house, or I should have taken the young gentleman's part, and let him marry you, governess or no governess;" and he took her in his arms and saluted her heartily.

She then approached her husband with a timidity new to her, saying:

"And Cecil—can he too forgive my deception?"

He bent forward, and raised her jeweled hand to his lips, saying:

"Forgive! My darling, what have I to forgive? Rather, what have I done to deserve such love, such goodness? With the devotion of my life will I repay your generous love, my darling, my wife!"

The ball was a splendid affair, and the lovely bride far outshone all the beautiful girls present.

Great was the surprise that the belle of the season should have suddenly gone abroad, to return with a young and handsome husband.

But though gossip was busy for awhile, the affair remained a mystery and was soon forgotten.

To a very few indeed was it ever known that the lovely wife of Cecil Gray was ever his sister's governess.

FEATHERLY was sitting in the front parlor with the family, waiting for the old folks to pack off to bed, when Miss Smith remarked to her little brother:

"I am afraid you are too heavy to sit on Mr. Featherly's knee."

"No, I'm not, am I, Mr. Featherly? I've seen you hold sister on your knee, and she's a good deal heavier than I am ain't she?"

As the old folks were snugly ensconced by the fireplace when the clock tolled eleven, Featherly took a departure with the lie on his lips that he "had passed a very pleasant evening."

A YOUNG actor, who is not remarkable for his modesty, has a very bad cough and cold. "Ah," says the manager, "you have a cold." "Which proves once more," replies the actor, smiling, "that actors are simply mortals!"

M. Girard, Director of the Paris Municipal Labaratory, says that the chemical knowledge applied to the concoction of various foods and drinks is of a very high order, and would suffice to make the fortunes of the adulterators a dozen times over if applied in an honest capacity.

Mistaken Identity.

Tom Paschal is, or rather was, a San Antonio boy, about twenty-five or thirty years ago. He is now district judge of one of the judicial districts of Western Texas. He is the son of the late Judge J. A. Paschal, and nephew of Hon. G. W. Paschal, the only man who was able to digest the laws of Texas—so it will be seen that Judge Tom Paschal comes by his judicial mind honestly. In personal appearance, he bears considerable resemblance to Captain Ben Thompson, of Austin, whose name may be familiar to some of our readers in connection with the violent death of a prominent San Antonian named Jack Harris.

Not long since, Judge Paschal was traveling, per stage, with his family over his district. He had paid for a sufficient number of seats to accommodate his family, but the energetic stage agent had crowded in a few more, and the result was that Judge Paschal had to make a *kindergarten* of himself for about forty miles. A father may cling to his children through thick and thin, but when his children cling to him for forty miles, he wishes he had never been born.

When the stage reached its destination, Judge Paschal hunted up the agent at that end of the line, and made a few judicious remarks about the management of that particular stage line.

As a general thing, stage agents are not remarkable for having their tempers under control, but this one was an exception. He received the rebuke of Judge Paschal with a degree of humility that was positively phenomenal. He said:

"Captain, I hope you will overlook it this time, and next time you come over the line you shall have a stage all to yourself, and it shan't cost you a cent."

After the interview was over, the stage agent said to a friend:

"If any other fellow but Captain Ben Thompson had talked to me that way, I would have made it hot for him."

"Why, you confounded fool; that was not Ben Thompson, that was Judge Paschal."

"What!" gasped the stage agent.

"I say that was Judge Paschal. He can't hit a barn door with a pistol if he were to shoot at it for a week."

"You say that galoot was only a miserable judge?"

"That's all."

"And here I have taken sass from a judge! I am a disgraced man if I don't find him."

The stage agent put on his pistol, and went over to the hotel to demand an apology, but Judge Paschal had just left on the train. If the agent had found him there would no doubt have been a tragedy.

No doubt the stage agent would have at least rolled Judge Paschal in the mud, when the interview took place, if it had not been that he was fully persuaded he was talking to Ben Thompson, whose skill as a marksman is celebrated all over the country.

One Woman's Fate.

A correspondent said: I shall never forget one woman who attracted the attention of at least 50,000 people a day for several months in a carpet factory near the elevated road, Cincinnati. Business men who came down in the morning and were obliged to get off at Chatham square, so as to connect with the branch road to the city hall, watched the women curiously as they waited for their trains. At night when they waited in the same place they watched them again until their train came along. More than 50,000 men did this every day in the year.

One morning in the early part of May last year the eyes of every man were attracted toward the southern window of the building—the one nearest the station. A new-comer had taken charge of the machine which faced the window. She was a remarkably handsome woman, and she charmed the eyes of the multitude from the moment she made her appearance. She had a superb figure, shapely arms, magnificent black eyes, lots of color and regular features. Occasionally she glanced down at the multitude who watched her eagerly, but she never smiled at the dudes nor gave the slightest glance of recognition at the bankers, brokers and respectable merchants who glared at her.

When she first appeared her back hair was drawn neatly down over her forehead and gathered in a tight roll at the back of her head. She wore a bit of something white about her neck, and looked refreshing and pretty. This was just before the hot weather began. Gradually the woman began to fade; the heavy carpet which she was compelled to stitch became dusty, and the glare from the street and the heat of the air made the work more and more trying every day. She began to show traces of fatigue; she grew heavy-eyed; her hair, which had formerly been neatly arranged, was allowed to straggle over her brow, and the neatness which had characterized her whole appearance disappeared before the oppression of the heat and the awful amount of work which she was obliged to do every day. Her face grew thinner and thinner, the color departed from her cheeks and black circles came under her eyes. The 50,000 men stared at her every day, observed the change and commented upon it.

By the time the scorching heat of July had come she had wasted away to a mere skeleton. The pale and wan cheek was heightened by a hectic flush, and her eyes were unnaturally bright. The 50,000 men looked at her and bet ten to five among themselves that she wouldn't last until August 1. Those who had put up money on the endurance of the poor creature were more interested in her than ever. One passenger, a prominent broker whom I knew, said to me one morning:

"I look for that face at the window and for the roof of the produce exchange every morning with the utmost anxiety. If that face goes away before August 1, I shall lose $25."

The broker lost his money. Shortly before August 1 the 50,000 men were shocked or gladdened, as the case might be, by seeing in the place of the beautiful girl, who had so long sat framed in by the window, a raw-boned, scrawny and freckled woman, with a face so positively ugly that it would stop a Chinese funeral. Speculation was rife as to what had become of the girl. One day three of us were going up town about 3 o'clock in the afternoon in August, talking as usual about the carpet girl, when somebody proposed that we should go up into the carpet house and ask about her. For a moment it seemed a rash and dreadful thing to do. But after a little thought we descended the steps and climbed to the second story of the building. When we got there we were stared at by several hundred employes, and guyed unmercifully until we found the superintendent. He was a little man, with a quick, nervous manner, and a bald head. We stated our errand to him as quickly as possible. He said:

"It is astonishing how much interest the girl created. You are only three of 3,000 men who have come up to ask about her. Her history was not remarkable in any respect, and she is now doing quite well."

"What has become of her?"

"You seem very anxious to know," said the little man with a very hard twinkle of his right eye as he stared at us.

"Well, what the deuce did become of her?"

"She married," said the little man laconically. There was another dreary pause. Finally, I mustered up courage enough to say:

"Who?"

"Me," said the little man.

Then we left.

Etiquette For Chinese Women.

A young girl walking in the street must not turn her head round; nor at home is she to glance slyly at visitors. She is to remember, moreover, that girls who are always laughing and talking are not esteemed; and that virtuous women have been honored from the earliest times. The philosopher, Mendze, grieved when he saw his mother break her shuttle; the woman Tsoun threw herself on to a sword in order to save her husband's life, the mother of Ao, being so poor that she could not buy writing materials, taught her son to read by tracing characters in the sand. Women should be able to read, write and use the counting machine, so as to be in a position to direct a household. They should read books of piety and stories of morality in action, while avoiding love-poetry, songs and anecdotes. Women should be reserved; and they are cruelly enjoined never to occupy themselves with other people's affairs. Men ought never to talk of domestic matters, while women should never talk of anything else. While a visitor is in the drawing-room the lady of the house should not be heard raising her voice in the kitchen. Women are not to paint their faces and wear striking colors, for the insufficient reason that if they do men will look at them. Young women, as well as young men, are to be dutiful to their parents and always in a good humor, even when their father and mother are not. They are to ask them whether they are hot or whether they are cold, to take them food and drink and to furnish them with new boots and shoes. When a young girl is grown up and married to an honest man she must not forget her parents, and once or twice a year must ask permission of her husband to go and see them. "From the highest antiquity until the present day the rule in marriage has been that the husband commands and the wife obeys." Virtue for a wife consists in having an equal temper, and to arrive at this much must be supported. "If the first has not the happiness to give her husband a male child, he chooses a person he loves in order to have by her a son who will continue his line. It is necessary, under these circumstances," says the "Manual," "not to give way to jealousy, but to live together on friendly terms in the same house. At present great dissensions take place between first and second wives. Out of a hundred first wives you will scarcely find one or two of a sweet and affable disposition. I have taken great pains," adds the author, "in writing this paragraph. Do not read it thoughtlessly." If, however, he had been more thoughtful himself, it might have occurred to him that the want of sweetness and affability which he deplores in supplanted "first wives" is the result less of character than circumstances, and that it would show itself equally in second wives if they in their turn were to be replaced.

A Sister's Blunder.

A few days ago an elderly gentleman with a very fatherly and kind look about him was sauntering along Brigham street, Salt Lake, enjoying the bracing air and scenery round about. As he approached the Bee Hive house, Brigham Young's old residence, an elderly lady with a loose wrapper on, and hair disheveled, ran out, and grabbing the old and venerable looking gentleman by the arm, ejaculated:

"Oh, Brother Taylor, how glad I am to see you! How well you are looking!" The white-haired old gentleman thanked her for the compliment, and said yes, he was feeling very well, indeed. The good sister contiued: "It's been nearly three years, Brother Taylor, since I was this close to you, and it makes me feel so happy to think that you are still here to lead us."

The reverential looking individual paused a moment, and looking wistfully into those submissive eyes, said: "And do you think I'm a good Mormon, sister?" "Think, Brother Taylor," responded the woman, looking fully into the gentleman's face, "why, I know you are the best Mormon that ever lived, and I love you more—" Here the venerable looking gentleman saw the predicament in which he was being placed, and not desiring to carry the joke too far, stammered out: "Why, why, I'm not John Taylor! I'm not a Mormon; I'm a Gentile, and I'm chairman of the Utah commission, and my name is Alexander Ramsay." The woman nearly fainted, and as the commissioner assisted her into the house she was heard to remark, "Well, you're a fine-looking man anyhow."

A conceited and vain person is generally a very selfish one, and such are therefore incapable of impartial judgement.

MUSIC is introduced at the Cereal Club dinners so that every member can have an oat.

In Jefferson's Time.

The habits of the last century in respect to decorum were just receding, men were—for better or worse—ceasing to occupy themselves about personal externals, and the customary suit of solemn black was only just coming into vogue. The old regime was dying, and its disappearance was as conspicuous in England as in France, in America as in England. This is easily illustrated.

If we were to read in some old collection of faded letters a woman's animated description of a country visit paid to one who seemed the counterpart of Addison's Sir Roger de Coverly, we should naturally assume that the date and address of the letter must be very far away in space and time. Suppose that the narrator should tell us of a fine country house surrounded by lofty elms forming two avenues, the one leading to the high road, the other to the village church. There are family portraits in the hall, a bookcase containing the first edition of the *Spectator*, and a buffet of old plate and rare china. The guest remains over Sunday, and her host, wearing wig and cocked hat and red cloak, escorts her down the avenue of elms through the rural churchyard to the village church. At every step they pass villagers who make profound obeisance, and at the conclusion of the service the whole congregation remains standing until this ancient gentleman and his friends have passed down the broad aisle. Who would not fancy this a scene from some English hamlet in the days of Queen Anne? Yet it all took place in the present century, and in the quiet village of Harvard, Massachusett, little more than thirty miles from Boston, and now only noted as the abods of a little Shaker community and the scene of Howell's Undiscovered Country. The narrator was the late Mrs. Josiah Quincy, and her host was Henry Bromfield, elder brother of the well-known benefactor of the Boston Athenæum. He was simply a "survival" of the old way of living. He spoke of State street as King street, and Summer street as Seven-Star lane, and his dress and manners were like his phrases. Such survivals were still to be found here and there all over the country at the precise time when Jefferson became President and shocked Mr. Merry with his morning slippers and Mr. Sullivan by opening his doors to all the world.

Jefferson's way of living in Washington exhibited a profuse and rather slovenly hospitality, which at last left him deeply in debt. He kept open house, and had eleven servants (slaves) from his plantation, besides a French cook and steward and an Irish coachman. His long dining-room was crowded every day, according to one witness, who tested its hospitality for sixteen days in succession; it was essentially a bachelor establishment, he being then a widower, and we hear little of ladies among its visitors. There was no etiquette at these great dinners; they sat down at four and talked till midnight. The city of Washington was still a frontier settlement, in that phase of those outposts when they consist of many small cabins and one hotel, at which everybody meets. The White House was the hotel; there was no "society" anywhere else, because nobody else had a drawing-room large enough to receive it. Pennsylvania avenue was still an abyss of yellow mud, on which nobody could walk and where carriages were bemired. Governor Morris, of New York, described Washington as the best city in the world for a future residence. "We want nothing here," he said, "but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women and other little trifles of this kind, to make our city perfect."

He Didn't Engage Her.

A young lady went to an intelligence office the other day, and, as there was no girl in at the time, sat down to wait for one. She is a Jefferson avenue belle, and leads the gay procession in society circles. She is also a good daughter and model housekeeper, taking all the care of a large establishment off her mother's ageing shoulders.

As she sat and waited in the intelligence office a gentleman whom she knew came in to get a girl; she had met him at a social reception a few nights previous, he in full evening dress, she in a costume of pink and Spanish lace, with roses in her hair. He had whispered sweet words of admiration to her, and she had blushed beneath his too ardent gaze. It was only a rehearsal of that foolish old play, "Love's Young Dream," but it had left pleasant memories with both.

She could not help showing she was glad to meet him again, and half rose. But he passed her to speak to the woman at the desk, who supplied "help" to domestic Macedonia.

"My brother's family are in need of a girl, Mrs.——. Can you send one up there to day?"

"No, sur," said the woman stolidly, "tha' ain't one in now."

"Why won't this one do?" asked the gentleman curtly, turning upon the young lady, who in her plain walking dress and veiled turban sat trembling with apprehension.

"La, now, she an't no girl," said the mistress of the intelligence office, but the customer paid no attention to her.

"See here, Miss or Mrs. what's your name?" he asked, abruptly, "can you do general housework, wash, iron, and cook? If you can, and are worth your salt, you can get a place—d'ye hear?"

The girl shrunk hastily from his extended hand, and he asked:

"Are you a German or a Swede? Because if you can't speak English, we don't want you. What's the matter with you? Ain't deaf and dumb, are you?"

By this time the indignant girl had collected her wits, and rising from her chair, she walked out, leaving him staring after her.

"She will meet and she will miss him,
There will be one vacant stare."

But he will never know what fate did for him in the intelligence office.

CHICKEN PATTIES.—Chop very fine the dry poorest bits left from baked chicken; season carefully with pepper, salt and a little chopped celery. Make a light puff-paste, roll a quarter of an inch thick, cut with a neatly shaped paste-cutter; lay a narrow strip of the paste all around; then put some of the mince on the paste; cut another piece the same size and lay over. Boil fifteen minutes. This makes a very desirable dish.

A monument to the memory of Mr. J. B. Neilson, inventor of the hot blast, has just been erected on Barstbrick Hill, near Kirkendbright, England, by his son, Colonel Montgomerie Neilson. It is in the form of a pyramid, fifty-five feet high, with a base twenty feet square.

The Friends.

Mr. R. T. Bentley, a member of the estimable community of Quakers at Sandy Springs, Md., says he was severely affected by rheumatism in his right hand. Mr. Bently applied St. Jacob's Oil, the great pain-cure, and by its continued use, in a short time was completely cured.

"YES, I'm glad it's over," said Mr. Byrnesmonkey. "I'm sick of lugging round those bricks tied up in paper, to make folks think I've been buying presents. It's one of the frightful bores of civilization."

THE GRAND UNION.—Visitors to New York who desire to take their ease in their inn should go the Grand Union Hotel. It is opposite the Grand Central Depot, and carriage hire will be saved while baggage is transferred free of cost. It contains 600 rooms, at a rental of $1 and upwards per day. It is conducted on the European plan, with a dining room, restaurant, cafe, lunch and wine room attached, supplied with the best at moderate prices. The large clock on the tower of the Depot will furnish the guests with the new standard of time on which the trains are now running.

THE victims of the Newall House fire in Milwaukee are to have a monument. A monument, when a night's safe lodging was all a guest expected, is something in the way of a gratuity that is entirely superfluous.

A Remedy for Lung Diseases.

Dr. Robert Newton, late president of the Electric college, of the city of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients, now living and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of lung diseases. It cures consumption, and has no equal for all pectoral complaints.

THERE is an old lady living in Portland, Me., who claims to have played blind man's bluff with Ralph Waldo Emerson. That's just what the great majority of his readers have been doing to this very day.

Having used Ely's Cream balm for Catarrh and Cold in the Head, I am satisfied that it is a first-rate preparation and would recommend it to any one affected.—R. W. Cheever, Editor "Herald," Clinton, Wis. (Price 50 c. See adv't.)

A TORONTO man waited until he was eighty-three years old before he got married. He waited till he was sure that if he didn't like it he wouldn't live long to repent.

"My God, how long, how long must I suffer—is there no relief from piles." Yes, you poor, pile tortured sinner, there is. We have been there and know that "Anakesis" will give you instant relief and permanent cure. It has been in successful use 25 years. Is approved by doctors of all schools and is now only safe and agreeable but a sure remedy. You can easily test it for yourself without expense by sending for free samples to P. Neustadter & Co., box 2416 New York City.

A BOY 5 or 6 years old who was carrying a dozen eggs in a paper along Adams avenue yesterday was cautioned by a pedestrian to be careful and not fall down.

"It wouldn't hurt much," replied the youngster.

"But you might break all the eggs."

"Oh, no I wouldn't. Aunt Susan told me if I was going to slip down to put the bag in a snow-bank where the eggs would be safe!"

Never neglect Heart Disease, but use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. 6 for $5. by druggists.

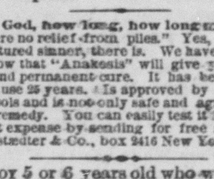
IF a lady has a book-rack or a table she wishes to varnish, first put on a coat of linseed oil and then apply the shellac. The oil sinks into the pores of the wood and shows the grain. Pine, however, will not absorb it.

Phœnix Pectoral breaks a cold and stops cough. 25cts.

"YES," said the society young man, "I think she is indeed a charming girl: and such a brilliant conversationalist! I talked with her for upward of ten minutes the other evening, and she didn't refer to the weather but just once during the whole time."

RICE JELLY.—Soak half cup rice two hours in warm water; put a pinch of salt into three pints water, and add to the rice; simmer half an hour; then boil until the water is reduced one-half and it becomes a smooth paste; strain through a cloth.

ST. BERNARD



VEGETABLE PILLS

TRADE MARK.

The pills are warranted to be PURELY vegetable, free from all mineral and other poisonous substances. They are a certain cure for Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Loss of Appetite, and all diseases arising from the

Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys.

They remove all obstructions from the channels of the system and purify the blood, thereby imparting health, strength and vigor. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps by

P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO.,

83 Mercer St., New York,

Sole Manufacturers of ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS.

Send for circular.

FRAZER

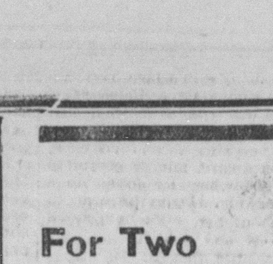
AXLE GREASE

Best in the world. Get the genuine. Every package has our trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

For Two Generations

The good and staunch old stand-by, MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, has done more to assuage pain, relieve suffering, and save the lives of men and beasts than all other liniments put together. Why? Because the Mustang penetrates through skin and flesh to the very bone, driving out all pain and soreness and morbid secretions, and restoring the afflicted part to sound and supple health.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.



Removes Tan Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches and every blemish and beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N.Y.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

TO SPECULATORS.

B. LINDBLOM & CO. 5 & 7 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

N. G. MILLER & CO. 55 Broadway, New York.

GRAIN AND PROVISION BROKERS.

Members of all prominent Produce Exchanges in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee.

We have exclusive private telegraph wire between Chicago and New York. Will execute orders on our judgment when requested. Send for circulars containing particulars. ROBT. LINDBLOM & CO., Chicago.

FREE! Box of beautiful Seashells, free. Agents' (Satin finish) Visiting Cards, Chromo or White, script type, 50c. Agents' book, full, 25c. No samples free. SEA SHORE PRINTING WORKS, East River, Ct.

A NEW TOOTH BRUSH.

Made of Pure Porous Rubber and far surpassing the ordinary brush. Post free, 40c. Agents Wanted. Send stamp for terms and particulars.

H. CLAYTON & CO., P. O. Box 2,317. New York City.

CHEAP HOMES, Farm laborers. No payment required for three years. Thirty good men wanted. Regular Work. Address, MITTERER, Amelia C. H., Virginia.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

Camphor Milk is the best Liniment. Price 25 cents.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed in all cases by Dr. J. B. Mayer. Under his treatment case is at once obtained and persons can attend to their business immediately after treatment. Examination free. Send stamp for reply. Main office, 651 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Will be at the Keystone House, Reading, Pa., every 3d Saturday; Hershey House, Harrisburg, Pa., 4th and 26th; St. Clair Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., 7th and 8th of each month.

TO MOTHERS

Is your child restless? Does it pick its nose, start in its sleep, and grind its teeth? If so, it has WORMS, and you should use

CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP

AT ONCE. SAFE and EFFECTUAL in its action. 25c. a bottle. Druggists.

FITS STOPPED FREE

Marvellous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

40 358

80 SHEETS fine writing paper, in blotter, with calendar, by mail for 25c. Agents Wanted. ECONOMY PRINTING CO., Newburyport, Mass.

YOUNG MEN learn TELEGRAPHY here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER

It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Sold by Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts, Phila., Pa., and C. N. Crittenton, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

EVERY HEALTHY WOMAN IS BEAUTIFUL! Bad temper, paleness, discontent, &c., are generally due to bad health. Every body knows that "Dr. Lütze's Specific for Women" restores health, good nature, and beauty by enriching the blood, regulating the secretions, and soothing and strengthening the nervous system." Endorsed by the most eminent Physicians who make a specialty of female diseases. Only to be had from DOWEE, LÜTZE & CO., Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers, 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sent by mail to any address upon receipt of $2.00. Lady Agents wanted. Dr. Lütze may be consulted free at office or by letter.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 16 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Position for graduates. National patronage. Write for Circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

In the Sinaitic range of mountains there is a remarkable cone of sandy rocks called Gebel Nakus. When a traveler attempts in fine weather to scale this miniature peak he hears a sound like that of distant bells. When there is no wind and the sand is wet with dew the sound is not heard. The phenomenon is attributed to the friction of the silicious sand on the declivities of the cone. The atmospheric vibration which is thus started is supposed to be intensified by cavities which serve as sounding-boxes or resonators.

Thrown Against a Cab.

Some four months ago, while doing some shifting, I was thrown against the cab of my engine and my back was severely injured. It affected my kidneys, and I was at the time in such pain that I had to let my fireman take the engine. I found after getting home that my water was affected from the strain and was almost the color of blood. My wife advised me to use Hunt's Remedy, which we had used before for other troubles. I sent to Bissell's drug store for a bottle, and after using it a short time the pains in my back and kidneys were fast disappearing. The second bottle cured me completely, and I can most heartily recommend Hunt's Remedy to the many of my railroad companions that I find are troubled so much with kidney troubles. Respectfully yours,

HENRY MCGINNIS,
Engineer N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.
Rome, N. Y., June 9, 1883.

I have been troubled for a number of years with kidney and liver troubles, severe pains in back, with loss of appetite and vigor generally. My kidneys were very weak at times, with non-retention of urine, and a brick dust deposit. I took several medicines, but they did me only a temporary good. I was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy, and I purchased a bottle in Rome, N. Y., and found that the first bottle gave me great relief. I had less pain in the back, my water became more natural, passed better and needed less attention, and after using four (4) bottles I find that it has completely cured me of my kidney and liver trouble, and consider it a wonderful medicine, and have recommended it to many who have found that Hunt's Remedy is all that is claimed for it.

GEORGE WHITE, Farmer.
Tabery, N. Y., June 11, 1883.

As an inducement to the greater utilization of buttermilk in bread-making, it is stated that it contains four to five per cent. of milk-sugar and one-half per cent. of mineral salts, and that after settling for cheese-making it also contains one per cent. of nitrogeneus matter and nearly as much of butter fat.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Charles Upham Shepard gives an account of a remarkable locality of the sapphire and the ruby in the Himalaya Mountains, at Sungchang, in Zanskar. Certain analogies in the mode of occurrence and some other particulars are traced between the crystals found in India and those produced at several American localities.

Carbo-lines.

Earth brings the bitterness of pain,
Yet worth the crown of peace will gain;
And thousands speak in accents fine
The praises of our Carboline.

A SLIGHTLY damp cloth rubbed over a dusty carpet brightens it wonderfully and gathers all the dust. This is an excellent way to cleanse the floor of an invalid's room, where noise and dust are objectionable.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A GOOD way to use the yolks of eggs when you have them left after making cake with the whites, is to keep them in a cool place; in the morning beat them well, and dip slices of bread in them and fry brown. Stale bread may be used for this.

Arolithion collars and cuffs are cheapest in the long run. They wear longer than any other, and you save cost of washing.

SMALL scarfs, slightly puffed, are preferred to flat scarfs, and while these are quite small, they must be sufficiently large to cover that portion of the white shirt bosom not hidden by the vest.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, like all *really good* things, are frequently imitated. *The genuine are sold only in boxes.*

Talk about extravagance! Women have learned the whole art of economy, of making a little do the work of much, if they have learned nothing else.

Emory's Little Cathartic Pill—best made for Liver Complaint and biliousness. Tasteless, harmless, infallible. 15c.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

For a cold in the head, there is nothing so good as Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.

—Chicago real estate agents have a society for the protection of themselves and citizens.

—Four seals were recently caught near Morristown, on the St. Lawrence River.

Hale's Honey OF Horehound and Tar.

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic. IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. Look out for imitations. Hale's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions. 4tf

Candor is a virtue often affected of cover hypocrisy.

"ISN'T that good canvas-back?" inquired a restaurateur of a customer who had taken two or three bites out of a wild-duck sandwich. "Yes, this is good canvas-back," replied the customer; "you could make summer shoes or a tent out of it. I think you ought to change the card and call it oil-cloth back. The thing is tough enough to cover a base ball with." And when the customer looked around the proprietor had moved off to attend to another customer.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

OVERHEARD in a barber-shop: Modern Elijah, who inclines to be facetious—"I'm getting to be pretty bald, ain't I? Guess you'll have to cut my hair for about half-price hereafter, eh?" Tonsorial artist, who is equal to the emergency—"Oh, no, sir; we always charge double when we have to hunt for the hair."

If bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs, and fear consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs) take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and it will cure you. By druggists.

"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dearest Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."

Favoritism

is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Of druggists.

"You come here for money, sir," shrieked one lawyer to another in a New York court. To hear such a truthful statement in a court-room caused a painful silence. The remark completely staggered the attorney addressed.

Endorsements of the People's Remedy.

When skilful and cautious medical men give over their own signatures a favorable opinion of the soothing and vitalizing effects of a preparation the public does not hesitate to believe them. The voluminous and emphatic professional testimony in favor of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, as a specific for all disorders of the stomach and bowels, for liver complaint, intermittent and remittent fevers, and the thousand ills that wait upon dyspepsia, must convince the most skeptical. Aside, however, from the testimony of the faculty, there is a large mass of evidence from patients in every walk of life, all showing that this great preventive and restorative is of inestimable value to the sick and the debilitated. The Bitters are suited to all climates, and are universally endorsed as a preventive of disorders caused by miasma and impure water.

The Scottish Meteorological Society will shortly publish the results of the observations made at Loch Fyne, Eyemouth, and Peterhead during the past summer by Messrs. Herdman, Beddard and Hoyle, together with the results of Mr. Norman's investigations as to the food of fishes in the Scottish lochs.

Ely's Cream Balm is doing wonders. I advise sufferers from Catarrh to lay other remedies aside. I believe it is the only remedy that will cure this terrible disease, from which I have suffered twenty years. —Charles Garrabrant, Shoe Merchant, 885 Broad St., Newark, N. J. (Price 50 cents per bottle.)

"IT was one of the saddest cases I ever knew," said the stranger, occasionally moistening his throat with a draught of hot whiskey. "I never heard of a death that affected me more." The crowd gathered around him and began to ask questions. "Was he murdered?" "No, he wasn't murdered." "Did he commit suicide?" "No." "Did he die a natural death?" "No." "If he wasn't murdered, didn't commit suicide or die a natural death, what in thunder *was* the matter with him?" "He was found in bed with a copy of the New York *Sun* in his hand containing a large instalment of the Holman boom."

Once used always recommended in Heart Disease, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1. at druggists.

True happiness does not abide with wealth or indolence.

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. Price, 25 cents.

Indolence is the rust of the mind and the inlet of every vice.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LONGFELLOW said: "In the world a man must be either anvil or hammer." He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows.

SAMARITAN NEVER FAILS. NERVINE

"You claim too much for SAMARITAN NERVINE," says a skeptic. "How can one medicine be a specific for Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Rheumatism, Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, and fifty other complaints?" We claim it a *specific*, simply, because the virus of all diseases arises from the blood. Its Nervine, Resolvent, Alterative and Laxative properties meet all the conditions herein referred to. It's known *world wide* as

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

It quiets and composes the patient—not by the introduction of opiates and drastic cathartics, but by the restoration of activity to the stomach and nervous system, whereby the brain is relieved of morbid fancies, which are created by the causes above referred to.

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all those whose sedentary employment causes nervous prostration, irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, SAMARITAN NERVINE is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system. $1.50. Sold by all Druggists. The DR. S. A. RICHMOND MED. CO., Proprietors, St. Joseph, Mo.

Chas. N. Crittenton, Agent, New York City. (4)

This porous plaster is absolutely *the best* ever made, combining the virtues of hops with gums, balsams and extracts. Its power is wonderful in curing diseases where other plasters simply relieve. Crick in the Back and Neck, Pain in the Side or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Chest, Affections of the Heart and Liver, and all pains or aches in any part cured instantly by the *Hop Plaster*. Try it. Price 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. Sold by all druggists and country stores.

HOP PLASTER

LAME BACK

Hop Plaster Company,
Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

For constipation, loss of appetite and diseases of the bowels take Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25 cents.

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts.

THE INVESTMENT

Made by a Prominent Lowell, Mass., City Official.

"I must have help," exclaimed City Assessor Francis Gowrd, of Sumner street, Lowell, Mass., to his physician. Like so many other public men, Mr. Gowrd was in his early life strong, stalwart and a perfect stranger to physical infirmities. But the excitements of a busy life, and the nervous strain caused by business engagements, together, perhaps, with some inherited tendency (for the tendency is often inherited) had made him, he says, "as most of my friends in Lowell are aware, a sufferer from kidney and urinary troubles. As a matter of course I procured the best of medical attendance, but without benefit." He also had inflammation of the prostrate gland. Utterly discouraged, he chanced an investment of a dollar in DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, of Rondout, N. Y., and he says he got a new lease of life, and on his recommendation his friends used it with equally good results. This was two years ago. Under date of Feb. 19, 1884, he says: "My health is the best it has been for years. I still use FAVORITE REMEDY occasionally. I always keep it in the house. I have had many letters of inquiry about my case, and I always recommend it as one of the best of medicines for such troubles, for I have used most all other medicines for similar troubles without benefit." Such an emphatic endorsement from such a source ought to be perfectly convincing to all sufferers. David Kennedy, M. D., of Rondout, N. Y., is a graduate of high standing, a surgeon who never lost a case. He has used FAVORITE REMEDY in his practice for twenty years. It is purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, safe, sure, efficient if taken as directed.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE EASY TO USE ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

Ely's Cream Balm when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

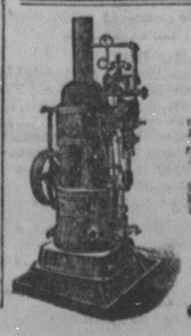
Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Hay Fever, &c. Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Like an Evil Spirit.

In olden times it was thought that evil spirits came in through cracks and keyholes. The generally approved way to keep them out was to plug up the keyholes and stop the cracks with cotton. Notwithstanding these preventive measures, the evil things had their own way and often came in as they pleased.

So comes malaria now-a-days. We try to keep it out of the keyhole and it comes in by the crack. We stop up the crack, and lo! it comes from a leak in the plumbing, or an opening from some neglected drain, or from some unsuspected source and unguarded direction.

We cannot always keep malaria out, but we can give it battle and drive its effects from our systems. If BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is taken in time, malaria has not a ghost of a chance. This is the great family medicine. Your druggist sells it, and you ought to keep a bottle in the house



Established 1844.

J. C. TODD,

ENGINEER AND MACHINIST.

Flax, Hemp, Jute, Rope, Oakum, and Bagging Machinery, Steam Engines, Boilers, &c. Sole Agent for Mayher's New Patent Agate Steam Engine and Force Pump combined. Also owner and exclusive manufacturer of

The New Baxter Patent Portable Steam Engine.

These engines are admirably adapted to all kinds of light power for driving printing-presses, pump for water, sawing wood, grinding coffee, ginning cotton, and all kinds of agricultural and mechanical purposes, and are furnished at the following low prices:

1	Horse-power, $150.	3	Horse-power, $290.
1½	Horse-power, 190.	4	Horse-power, 350.
2	Horse-power, 245.	5	Horse-power, 420.

Send for descriptive circular. Address

J. C. TODD, Paterson, N. J.,
Or, 17 Barclay Street, N. Y.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

Health of Body is Wealth of Mind

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair, use

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be scrofula, consumption, syphilis, ulcers, sores, tumors, boils, erysipelas, or salt rheum, diseases of the lungs, kidneys, bladder, womb, skin, liver, stomach or bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus is in the Blood which supplies the waste and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. THE SKIN, after a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots and skin eruptions are removed; sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicines than any other Preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much.

One Dollar a Bottle.

R. R. R.

Radway's Ready Relief.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve Pain with one thorough application, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS,
CHILBLAINS AND FROST BITES,
BRUISES, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,
NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS,
COUGHS, COLDS, SPRAINS,
PAINS IN THE CHEST, BACK or LIMBS are instantly relieved.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for 50 cts. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken internally according to the directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Cold Chills, Hysterics, Pains in the Bowels, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Miners and Lumbermen should always be provided with it.

RADWAY'S

Regulating Pills!

Perfect, Purgative, Soothing, Aperients, Act without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Female Complaints, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

To the Public.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

FREE Excursion

INFORMATION IN REGARD TO CHEAP LAND

Rates to Texas, Arkansas and California.

Pamphlets, etc., describing lands for sale can be had by addressing J. J. POWLER, East. Pass. Ag't, Dallas, Tex.; J. D. McCLARY, N. E. Pass. Ag't, Boston; D. W. JANOWITZ, S. E. Pass. Ag't, Baltimore, Md.; H. R. McCLELLAN, Gen. East. Pass. Ag't Mo. Pac. R.R., 243 Broadway, N. Y.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., March 19, '84.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions.
One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

WHITMER & CO'S

Two Stores (connected by telephone) that aint beat anywhere "in this neck o the woods" buy WHEAT, RYE, BARLEY, &c. Sell HARD and SOFT COAL. Manufacturers' Agents for Furniture and Farm Implements.
G. R. S. & Co., WHITMER & Co.
Spring Mills

THE

ELECTRIC LIGHT

to be seen at

D. GARMAN & SON'S STORE.

People, especially outside of Bellefonte, are invited to call and see the Electric Light at Garman's store.

Lace for curtains—Garmans.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——A school-marm asks the REPORTER: "Was there ever a lady noted as a mathematician?" Ans.: The only one we know of is sum-*mary*.

——This year's state encampment G. A. R. will be held at Bellefonte. The fair-ground has already been secured for the purpose. It will last one week.

——Centre Hall is probably the only town in Uncle Sam's kingdom where a dog has a post-office box.

——This being leap year the girl must go and ask the boy's pa and ma whether she can have him.

——To prove the advantages of advertising we need simply relate that we casually heard a group of over a dozen men discussing the prices of hardware as advertised by Franciscus in the REPORTER.

— The fellow who dropped a dollar in the street one evening, searched for it next morning, and after finding it kept on looking around for the interest. He never subscribes for a paper, but reads that of his poorer neighbor.

— Mr. J. P. Condo writes us from Effingham county, Ill.: It has been colder here this winter than any time since I live here; not much snow; the wheat seems to be badly hurt from freezing.

—Flitting has commenced—some are glad and some are mad, and others are sad, and the roads are bad.

——Many parties who have timber are getting out ties, at 50 cents a piece, for the railroad through the valley.

——Saturday morning, last, opened for business with nearly two inches of snow, which however had to go before sunset.

——Most of the important county offices are to be filled next fall, and there will be no lack of anxious ones for the places. The taxpayers will find it to their interest to favor good men.

——Mr. W. H. Kramer, of Centre Mills, will move to Centre Hall beginning of next month, and will go into the mercantile business with Simon Harper.

——Prof. J. W. Keller, of this place, assisted by Profs. Philip and Lowell Meyer, will hold a concert with his singing class in the Lutheran church, at Zion, on Saturday evening, 22.

——Rev. James Arney, of Cassopolis, Ill., a son of Jacob Arney of this place, filled the pulpit of Rev. Foster of the Presbyterian church in this place on last Sabbath morning, and for Rev. Roeder of the Reformed church in the afternoon.

——Messrs. Vandyke, contractors, have commenced work on the extension of our railroad, westward. The superstructure of a bridge a mile west of Spring Mills will be the first work; the abutments built ten years ago are still good. This bridge completed they expect to make progress toward Centre Hall with track-laying at the rate of one-third mile per day.

——That man or wife has not been found yet who ever regretted purchasing family groceries at Sechlers, for the reason that they secure fresh and wholesome goods. One great misfortune in this regard is, too many stores offer you groceries that are stale and unfit for the table, and often adulterated. What you buy at Sechlers can be relied upon to be fresh and pure.

——New styles Derby and Sedora hats just received at the Bee Hive.

Raw silk goods for curtains and lambrequons—Garmans.

——S. A. Stover, of the Bellefonte Marble Works, is getting orders from all parts of this and adjoining counties. His work is so superior to any other that all wanting monuments and tombstones, send him their orders. His charges besides are considerably lower. He keeps all kinds of stock, and orders for the most costly down to the cheapest, will be promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Dress goods at Garmans.

——Any active, energetic young men who desire employment in a paying business can learn something to their advantage by addressing Lock Box 15, Lewisburg, Pa. Work is respectable and good wages guaranteed. School teachers and others who will be out of employment during the summer months can find lucrative employment. $125.00 in three weeks. tf

125 bushels shelled corn, good No. 1, for sale by A. J. Grove. 6mar4t

PARTIES that have grain to sell should be sure to sell to or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Coburn. 11oct6m I. J. GRENOBLE.

White goods and embroideries at Garmans.

MADISONBURG CHIPS.

Everybody seems willing that winter should end. It is rumored that Henry J. Limbert has purchased the Dan'l Roush farm. It is said that giving hens plenty of hay will increase the supply of eggs. Try it before Easter. How the Democrats may elect the next president: Select Hon. A. G. Curtin who will carry New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Ye property owners, why do ye not repair those sidewalks? Among the candidates for Prothonotary we notice Cal. Harper's name, and we must acknowledge that he is just the man for the place, and no doubt will remain where he is at present. Samuel Foust, of Centre Mills, who was badly injured some time ago by being thrown from a sleigh at Milton, is recovering slowly; he was noticed at P. H. Stover's sale looking as though he ought be home in bed. We are informed that Jacob W. Hasel has taken the contract to deliver the telephone poles between Millheim and this place. Miles Walker, of Ferguson, is a candidate for Sheriff. Mr. Walker is an active business man and a gentleman of the ut most probity of character. Efforts are being made by several prominent gentlemen of our town to secure the right of way for the Brushvalley railroad through Miles township and thus far have been successful; the interests of our town and the lower end of Brushvalley demand that this road be built; let us all work for the success of this project, and the growth of our town will surprise the oldest inhabitants. JUSTICE.

LOWER END ITEMS.

Weather is very changable. Our old teacher, W. E. Keen, commenced housekeeping on 10; success to him and his fair wife. We are sorry to hear that G. N. Erhart and family are going to Kansas the latter part of this month; his parents left for the same place about a month ago. Mr. John D. Bower has returned from Michigan; he speaks well of that country. The ladies of this place had a fine walk through the mud one evening last week to an oyster party at H. G. Shafer's, Aaronsburg. "I wonder why their boys didn't fetch 'em."

MUTATO NOMINE.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Dr. Stam has now located at this place and is ready to render medical services.

Report has it that Mrs. Barcroft is about disposing of her Spring Mills property.

Frank Kennelly, on Saturday night, fell from a house roof about 25 feet high on a boardwalk and sustained slight bruises.

——There will be a grand concert given in the Lutheran church at Zion, on 22, by the singing class of that place, under the direction of Prof. J. W. Keller, assisted by Profs. Lowell and Philip Meyer. The program will consist of serin comic songs, solos, duets, quartets, etc. Admissi n 15 and 20 cents.

——The ladies of the Jacksonville Presbyterian congregation known as the "Ladies of the Chautauqua Circle," will hold an entertainment at Jacksonville, Friday evening, March 28, consisting of music, recitations, essays, etc, for the benefit of the Presbyterian church. All are invited.

——Wolf & Grove furnish the timber for the railroad bridge this side of Spring Mills—it will require 40,000 feet. The Vandyke Brothers have brought on a lot of barrows, carts, etc., and are about to commence work for extending the road toward Centre Hall.

——Rev. Sam'l Kreider, of the Mis'y Institute, Selinsgrove, formerly of Potters Mills, has received a call from the Turtle Creek Lutheran charge, in Alleghenny county, Pa., and has already moved thither. Success to him.

——Sunday, Monday and Tuesday weather was clear and spring-like, Wednesday brought a chilly rain.

——The first car load of rails for our railroad has arrived at Spring Mills, and the contractor has commenced work on the extension.

——The chances for buying ready-made clothing at a greatly reduced price are still open yet at the Philadelphia Branch. Lewins & Co. have some No. 1 goods on hand yet, and will dispose of it at almost any price before the spring trade begins. Let all remember this,—there are bargains in the air such as you rarely find.

A new two-horse, iron axle wagon, for sale by A. J. Grove. 6mar4t

Largest line of gent's furnishing goods at Garmans.

Delicate and Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet, that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity, driving the bloom from your cheeks, that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family!"—A lady, in Providence.

Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 LOST.—"A tour of Europe that cost $3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia." R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM, U. S. Com. Inter'l Rev.
So. Bloomingville, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs.—I have suffered ten years and I tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors. MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

CORRECTION.

MR. EDITOR:—I was away from home last week and only got your paper late on Saturday evening, and looking over my communication noticed several mistakes. The first is one order, No. 5, paid by me should be $267.50 instead of $268.50. The second one is "at another meeting of the same board held April 1, 1875," which should be April 1, 1876. The third one is "except Nos. 29, 37, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 50, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56 and 59" should be 58 instead of 59. Those mistakes will put me in a wrong position to prove my allegations. For instance, Mr. Alexander was not a member of the school board April 1, 1876, and order No. 58 was not paid by Mr. Alters. I understand the Auditors refused to allow it, but it appears Mr. Alexander counted it in the next year. Please note the mistakes in next issue; I think the type-setter made them, for my account at home is correct. Yours, H. E. DUCK.

Millheim, March 17.

ROBBERS ON THE SEVEN MTS.

The Lewistown *Free Press*, of 13, says: Samuel E. Goldman, a German peddler, aged about twenty years, called at our office this morning and stated that while crossing the Seven Mountains, on last Monday forenoon, about 3½ miles above Milroy, he was halted by a fellow and notified to hold up his hands. A shot gun was levelled at his head until he complied with the ruffian's demands. The gun was then laid down and a revolver was taken from his (the robber's) pocket and pointed at the peddler's head, until he made a thorough examination of his person. About $24 dollars in paper money and between $10 and $12 in silver was secured. A solid plain gold ring valued at $6 was also taken from his person, and then with threats to kill him if he ever revealed what had occurred, he was permitted to go. Mr. Goldman, describes the highwayman as weighing about 200 pounds, heavy built, blue eyes, black hair, dark complexion, and wearing a brown suit of clothes, slouch hat and gum boots. The robber was masked with a large figured red handkerchief, regular border style, which prevented young Goldman from getting a good view of the villian's face.

JUNIATA COUNTY.

The wheat crop has a very favorable appearance.

The old school is still being carried on at Academia, where some of your readers attained part of their education.

I see in your paper there are quite a number of sales in Centre. It is the same in this county, as some people are going west, others intend following different occupations in the future.

I felt sorry to notice the death of Hon. Judge Larimer. His presence will be missed in political affairs, as he always took an active part in this avocation.

Our correspondent, Mr. W. L. Snyder, also mentions that the ice phenomenon which we had here also occurred in Juniata county.

APRIL COURT.

GRAND JURORS.—Huston, J Craig, E B Henderson.....Boggs, D P Shope.....Patton, J P Hartswick.....Rush, D Whitton, D E Dunlap.....Potter, Sam'l Housman, Joshua Potter.....Spring, W S Hunter.....Liberty, D Wagner.....Harris, Wes Meyers.....Union, G Hall.....Hains, G H Miller.....Ferguson, J N Bell.....Philipsburg, J Haines, G M Rhule.....Bellefonte, L O Meek.....College, J S Barley.....Halfmoon, P W Burket.....Howard, T Donghenbaugh.....Gregg, Wm. Pealer, Wm. Goodhart.....Marion, B F Vonada.....Unionville, John Bing.

Traverse Jurors, 1st Week.

Walker, Is. Struble, J M'Conly.....Curtin, D McClosky, Jr., J P Dehass.....Union, B W Shiply, L W Fisher.....Boggs, J Thorpe, H Reese, Wm. Walker, J C Walker.....Bellefonte, C U Hoffer, Wm. Galbraith, Wm. McClellan, N Redding, T Deshner, E Graham, jr.....Philipsburg, H C williams, O Adams, Jer. Sanky, J Perks.....Milesburg, O P Kreamer.....Liberty, J Baumgardner.....Spring, M Furey, J H Lutz, Lot Struble.....Howard, Jac. Leathers, D Shank.....Haines, Willis Musser, Thad. Stover.....Millheim, S S Musser, Halfmoon, W Gray, M Gates.....Harris, W W Leech, Wm. McFarlane.....Milesburg, J A Rishel.....Penn, David Fidler.....Potter, Wm. Bradford.....Burnside, G M Hertline.....Ferguson, D Harpster, D Krebs.....Gregg, Jas. T Grove, David Gentzel, James Hanna.....Huston, J B Long.....Walker, Wm. Vonada.....Worth, M S Spots.....Benner, A Hamilton.....College, Em. Musser.

Traverse, 2d Week.

Snowshoe, J G Uzzle, J Watson.....Patton, J Behrer, W Reed.....Curtin, B Boom.....Unionville, F M'Donald.....Boggs, G W Young, J B Curtin.....Harris, D W Meyers, P M Webber.....Taylor, W Moore.....Bellefonte, W A Lyon, Wm. Kane, J Shrock, H P Harris.....Liberty, H Bitner.....Philipsburg, J Funk.....Potter, Wm. Goodhart, D Fisher, Jas. Shaffer, Sam'l Durst.....Miles, M Gilbert, And. Immel.....Haines, Geo. Rupp, M Stover, D H Rote.....College, H Thompson, Wm. Collins.....Walker, W Carner.....Penn, George Peters.....Gregg, Hiram Durst, Jacob Breon.....Union, W Irvin.....Spring, W Lucas.....Liberty, J P Linn.....Benner, Ezra Smith.

Traverse, Special Court, Apr. 7.

Potter, Levi Stump, Ed Kline.....Patton, B Kephart.....Bellefonte, J Irwin, jr., J A Dunkle, A Hoover, H Van Ormer, F Steel, F B Stover.....Haines, J H Weaver.....Spring, J Ross, H Noll, J A Hazel.....College, G Roop.....Ferguson, J Nash.....Walker, W E Shaffer.....Marion, S Aley.....Milesburg, J Proudfoot, W T Hall.....Howard, A Shank.....Huston, J I Thompson.....Boggs, J Curly, C Lucas.....Miles, J W Morris, T E Royer.....Halfmoon, T Rupp.....Penn, C E Deininger, D Ulrich, Jacob Emerick.....Gregg, Wm. Homan.....Snowshoe, J W Collins.....Philipsburg, E A Blowers.....Union, R Underwood.....Harris, J S Boal.

MUSICAL SCHOOL. The 24th Session of six weeks will begin in the Musical College, Freeburg, Pa., on Tuesday morning, April 29. For circular address, F. C. MEYER, Musical Director, 5mar4t Freeburg, Penn'a.

How Watch Cases are Made.

Most persons have an ambition to carry a gold watch case, and yet few people know how a watch case is made, or the vast difference in the quality of them. In a SOLID GOLD WATCH CASE, aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the metal is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply strength. The surplus is not only needless, but undesirable, because gold is a soft metal and cannot furnish the stiffness, strength and elasticity necessary to make the case permanently strong and close-fitting. The *perfect* watch case must combine gold with some metal that will supply that in which the gold is deficient. This has been accomplished by the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case*, which *saves* the WASTE of needless gold, and INCREASES the SOLIDITY and STRENGTH of the case, and at the same time reduces the cost ONE HALF.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

ST. ELMO HOTEL,
No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.
Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
26dartf

Hats and neckwear at Garmans.

For the REPORTER.

CHRISTMAS CALLS.

I am a poor painter sitting in my easy chair, dreaming of being carried away by something mysterious; well, it was old Santa Clause. He shook me saying, "Wake up "Knight of the Brush," I am going out calling to-night and want company, and as you are a good climber you are of great assistance to me in getting on the house roofs, and if you keep your eyes open I will show you sights that will make your hair stand on end; I will also show you some pleasing sights. Come along I mean to visit painters to-night—rich and poor." So off we started, with the speed of the wind, and soon reached a beautiful city, the name of which old Santa said was "Read Mixed Paint;" it once had another name. Many old painters have died here, in the cemetery they lie buried by the score, having died with painter's colic, or starved to death by the use of patent paint. As we passed on we soon found ourselves in front of a miserable old hut. "Here lives an old painter, a better one than he never lived," said old Santa, "he once did a prosperous business, using nothing but pure material, mixed by himself, and consequently doing good work." We opened the door and stepped in, and there sat the old painter shivering and trying to warm himself by a fire of a few old paint rags and worn out brushes, the remains of a once flourishing business. He sat there crouched and shriveled up dressed in rags, and his poor wife and children almost frozen. All the old man said was, "It crawls; it crawls; see how it squirms." "Never mind him," said the good wife, "he has the jim-jams. Since they got to using so much patent paint he became discouraged and took to drinking. I advised him to keep on doing good work, use good material, and let the patent stuff alone. But he used the stuff on the houses of his best customers, and in a very short time they commenced leaving him, because they said the paint he put on their houses was peeling, blistering, cracking and turning spotted." As we left old Santa said, "This is nothing; scores of them are in the same box, out of work, out of grub, and out of everything else that brings comfort." The next building we came to was a fine house, (except the blistered and cracked painting,) lit up by gas light. Old Santa being a privileged character stopped, and said, "The "upper tens" are having a dance here to-night; let us peep in at the window. I know them all, and will point out to you some of the most prominent ones among the party: That little chubby looking man is Mr. Asbestos; the one standing by the organ is Mr. Rubber; that man in the corner with the gray whiskers is Mr. Averill, and the one occupying that easy-chair is Mr. Gloswhite, and the young folks of the party are their offsprings, known in town by the names of Crack, Peel, Blister, Fade, &c.; let us be gone. Now here lives a painter who sticks to his business, never using "ready-mixed whiskey or paint." In we went, and finding everything neat, tidy and comfortable the scene representing so much happiness, so much "peace on earth and good will to man." The childrens' stockings were quickly filled, and away we went flying from house to house. No pen can describe the poverty and wretchedness in a trip like this. I paused a moment, and Santa was gone. I went to sleep and commenced falling, feeling myself going down, down until I reached the bottom of a pit unhurt; and looking around to see where I was I saw "Old Boy"—Ned himself—who said, "Just in time to see the grand parade; there they come," and sure enough they did come. In that parade I saw Mr. Asbestos, Mr. Rubber, Mr. Gloswhite, old Squibs and Mrs. Squibs, Dude and Dudies, makers and users of patent paints, &c. And as I hurried to get out of the way I fell and awoke. Lo! and behold! it was only a painter's dream. BOSS.

REPORT OF THE STATIONING COMMITTEE of the Central Penn'a Conference, convened at Milton, March 6-10, 1884:

York District, M. J. Crothers, P. E.

1 Baltimore—W. M. Corman.
2 White Ground—S. Yearick.
3 Alberton Mills—P. W. Group.
4 Jarrettsville—B. F. Anthony.
5 Shrewsbury, J. F. Shultz.
6 Glen Rock—Edward Crumbling.
7 Logansville—S. Aigand.
8 York, Queen St.—J. Shambach.
9 York, King St.—A. H. Irvine.
10 York Circuit—H. N. Gronninger, and E. L. Chambers.
11 Prospect—G. H. Schleh.
12 Chanceford—H. H. Douty.
13 Lewisburg—L. Dice.
14 Dillsburg—P. F. Jarret.
15 Bendersville—H. T. Searle.
16 Cumberland—M. Sloat, G. S. Smith.
17 Carlisle—G. E. Zehner.
J. Boas, member of Carlisle Quarterly Conference.
J. H. Peters, member of Bendersville Quarterly Conference.
J. Hartzler, Superintendent Mission work in Japan.

Juniata District, J. M. Ettinger, P. E.

1 Hagerstown—George Joseph.
2 Hagerstown Mission—J. C. Reeser.
3 Leesburg—S. M. Mountz.
4 Big Spring—H. S. Bason.
5 Fishing Creek—L. K. Harris.
6 Perry—J. W. Bentz.
7 Newport and Marysville—R. W. Runyan.
8 Liverpool—H. A. Benfer.
9 Juniata—E. D. Keen.
10 Lewistown and Patterson—C. W. Finkbinder.
11 McClure—S. Smith and D. J. Shortiss.
12 Middleburg—W. H. Stover, M. J. Snyder.
13 Port Traverton—N. Young.
14 Union—C. F. Deininger.
15 Mifflinburg—W. W. Rhoads.
16 Centre—B. Hengst, J. B. Fox.
17 Brush Valley—P. C. Weidmeyer.
E. Stambach, C. F. Gephart, members of Centre Quarterly Conference.
B. F. Hall, member of Fishing Creek Valley Quarterly Conference.
S. L. Shortiss, A. E. Gobble, I. C. Yeakel, members of Union Quarterly Conference.

Lewisburg District, S. W. Seibert, P. E.

1 Lewisburg—E Swengel.
2 Buffalo—I M Pines.
3 White Deer—D W Miller.
4 Danville—J M Brader.
5 Bloomsburg—S P Reemer.
6 Columbia—D P Kline.
7 Berwick—H W Buck.
8 Lazerne—W H Lilly.
9 Catawissa—M F Fosselman.
10 Wyoming—J M Longsdorf.
11 West Clifford—B F Keller.
12 Tunkhannock—G L Purson.
13 Maple Grove—J H Hertz.
14 Dushore and Bernice—W H Hartman.
15 Hughesville—J J Lohr.
16 New Columbus—J W Messenger.
17 Milton—J A Irvine.
E Kohr, A L Reeser, P S Orwig, members of Lewisburg Quarterly Conference.

Wms'port Dist., W. E. Detweiler, E. P.

1 Williamsport, Market St—J Young.
2 Williamsport, Bennett St—H W Gross.
3 Williamsport, Newberry—J M King.
4 Williamsport Circuit—J H Spalding.
5 Lycoming—R Young.
6 Jersey Shore—J G M Swengel, J R Eschbach.
7 Lock Haven—J M Dick.
8 Nittany Valley—W M Wallis, J H Weich.
9 Sugar Valley—T M Morris.
10 Centre Hall—G W Currin.
11 Milesburg—Z Hornberger.
12 Liberty—F S Vought.
13 East Liberty—J D Stover, under the P. E.
14 Grover—H A Stoke.
15 Highland—A W Swengel.
16 Wayland—J M Price.
17 Seneca—A Stapleton.
A Krouse, member of Market Street Quarterly Conference.
Jazo Takano, Member of Tokio, Japan, Quarterly Conference.

Cashmeres, etc., best all in prices and quality, at Garmans.

FISHING TACKLE.

Complete stock of
RODS, FLIES,
LINES, HOOKS,
NETS,
And Fishing Tackle in general.
Also just received
BOXING GLOVES, MACROME TWINE,
All colors.
I will issue a Catalogue April 1, 1884, containing price lists of Guns, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, Musical Instruments, and a copy of the "Game Laws of Penn'a," which I will send FREE to any address on application.
THEODORE DESHNER, Gunsmith,
12mar3m Bellefonte, Penn'a.

——A NEW FIRM.—Messrs. Simon Harper and H. W. Kreamer having rented Deininger's new store room, are about to open up a new general store, and will keep all kinds of dry-goods, groceries, notions, boots and shoes, hats and caps, queensware, hardware, and a complete assortment of goods, usually found in a will kept store. Mr. Harper is now in the city purchasing a large new stock which will arrive first of April.

——Sechlers have just opened a full line of choice family groceries and provisions, such as teas, coffees, sugars, spices, canned goods, dried fruits, meats, nuts, oysters, fine candies, fish, syrups, etc., together with glass, china, wood and willow ware, and household supplies of all kinds at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind. Meat Market.—Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand.

AWFUL ACCIDENT.

A Hundred and Fifty Lives Lost in a Coal Mine.

Richmond, Va., March 13.—The most terrible mine disaster ever known in this country occurred at 1 o'clock this morning in the Southwest Improvement Company's coal mines at Pocahontas, Tazewell county, Virginia. The accident is believed to have been caused by miners venturing too far with lighted lamps. The Southwest Improvement Company employs about 500 men, of whom fully 150 were in the mine at the time, not one of whom, it is believed, is now alive. All the machinery in the mine was wrecked.

Efforts are being made to recover the bodies, but in consequence of after-damp very little progress has been made. Telegrams received here ask that safety lamps be sent at once to facilitate the work of recovering the bodies. The scenes in the vicinity of the disaster are heartrending in the extreme.

Further intelligence represents the work of distruction at the coal mines as frightful and complete. 150 men were in the mine at the time of the explosion, not one of whom is believed to have escaped. Those not killed outright by the terrible force of the explosion, most likely perish from after-damp.

Signs of it were plainty visible on every hand. The entrance to the main drift was torn out and scattered pell-mell for a hundred feet. The little train track was torn and twisted, and shapeless timbers and ties mixed in confusion all around. Cars were taken up bodily, torn in twain, and their iron wheels broken and shivered. They were thrown three and four hundred feet away. The ridge and timbers on the ridge opposite this drift were a blackened picture to the sumit, 600 feet away. A searching party found a pair of shoes that had been blown to the sumit of the ridge, and a mule was found at the same place, twisted into indescribable shape.

THREE FIENDISH NEGROES MURDER A FAMILY OF FIVE.

Springfield, Tenn., March 13.—Perhaps the worst crime ever committed was perpetrated in this (Robertson) Co. yesterday. Twenty-five miles from this place, near the Kentucky line, live John Martin, his wife and three children, two of them grown young women, the other a boy of 12. The murder of this entire family was discovered by a peddler who came to the house. He gave the alarm and the whole neighborhood was aroused. The door was broken in as if struck violently with an axe. This door led into the main bed room, where Martin and his wife slept. The scene upon entering the room beggars all description. Martin was dead upon the floor, his gray hair matted and soaked in a pool of blood. The head was split open in two pieces by blows from an axe. The forehead was crushed, and the glaring eyes were forced from their sockets. Upon every side were evidences of the frightful struggle that must have taken place. The walls and floor, etc., were bespattered with blood.

Mrs. Martin must have been killed as she started from her bed. Her arms were broken and her face horribly mangled by the blows of an axe. The bed was one scene of ghastly blood.

In the next room where the girls slept the sight would have melted a heart of stone. Everything indicated a most desperate struggle for life. Evidently the murderers added a worse crime to their misdeeds. The disordered clothing of the poor girls told plainer than words the outrages that had been perpetrated upon them. After the brutal assassins had satisfied their lust they crushed the skull's of the two girls with an axe, which was found upon the floor, red with blood. It was a sickening experience, and every eye that witnessed the sad spectacle was full of tears. The house had been ransacked from one end to the other, and tables and chairs were overturned.

About 4 o'clock this afternoon a farm hand named George French was arrested by one of the county constables upon suspicion. Blood was found upon his shoes and clothing. He told a very lame story of his whereabouts the night before. It was plain that he was in some way connected with the murder. A crowd gathered and soon swelled into a mob of frenzied men. His contradictory replies convinced them he was guilty. A rope was brought and placed about his neck, and the mob swung him up to the nearest tree. He was let down half insensible and upon coming to confessed that he and Jim and Doc Carter, two negroes, working men upon the farm of 'squire Davis, had planned the murder. He gave sickening details of the assassination, and confessed that all three of them had outraged the girls. They found $1,200 in money and divided it among them. He had hardly finished his story when he was jerked up and strangled to death. Twenty shots were fired into his body.

The mob made a break for Davis' farm, where the two negroes were found. Although both of them protested their innocence, the mob hung them to the same tree and shot them while they strangled.

——If you want the "American Farmer," one year free of cost, read the advertisement in another column.

SECHLERS | SECHLERS | SECHLERS

NEW GOODS

Just opened a full line of Choice Family
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

——Cheap! 170 pair of Shoes!—100 pair of women's coarse, heavy winter shoes—75 pair of men and boys' coarse shoes, which will be sold before April 1, next, at near cost, to get room for new goods. The above lot will be sold by the single pair or in lots, to suit purchaser Men and boy's heavy boots also offered very cheap to make room. These extraordinary bargains offered at the best shoe store in the county—which is Powers & Son, Bellefonte.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Mar. 17, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	Mar.	52	—61½62
Wheat	"	90½	—1.08⅝
Oats	"	31	—43
Pork	"	17.72	
Lard	"	9 50	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.00
White & Mixed	1 00
Rye	65
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	55
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 18; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 10½; shoulder, 10; bacon or side, 10; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.
COAL.—Pea, 3.25; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 25, eggs 20, ham 16 shoulders 13, sides 12½, lard 12, potatoes 50—by Valentines' Store.

MARRIED.

By Rev. G. S. Diven, March 13, Mr. Andrew H. Kreamer and Miss Clara B. Condo, both of Boalsburg.

On March 13, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. W. E. Elscher, Ezra Smith, of Dakota, Stephenson county, Ill., (formerly of Penn Hall,) and Miss Rosetta Rishel, of Farmers Mills.

Mrs. Smith is the youngest sister of M. L. Rishel, Esq. with whom she now leaves her much loved and widow mother. The church at Farmers Mills thus looses a most valuable member, and the community a highly esteemed lady. Mrs. Smith and her estimable husband will leave in a few weeks for their western home in Dakota, Ill., whither she will be followed by the prayers and best wishes of her many friends, and where she will adorn her own house with the grace of a beautiful Christian character, and be to our Lutheran church a welcome and important accession. The table on the above occasion was all that the most fastidious epicure could desire. W.

March 2, by Rev. B. J. Hummel, Mr. Harry J. Stratton, of Coleville, and Miss Laura Sayres, of State College.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Michael Spicher, dec'd, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN SPICHER,
MICHAEL H. SPICHER, Executors,
12mar6t Centre Hall, Penn'a.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentory upon the estate of Josiah Neff, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. MOLLIE NEFF,
6mar6t SUE E. NEFF, Executors,
Centre Hill, Penna.

WE ARE SELLING

TO-DAY.

Nails at $2.65 Basis. Bar Iron at 2¼ Cents.

Lewis' Pure White Lead at $7.00. Mixed Paints, all colors, very low.
Door Locks at 25 cents and 35 cents each. Thum Latches at 4 and 5 cents each.
Long handled iron Shovels at 35 and 40 cents each.
GOOD SETS OF AXLES AT $2.50.
Good Hickory Fellows at 75c per pair.
Good finished hickory Poles at 75c.
Bright Springs 8½ to 9½c per pound.
Finished hickory Shafts at 50 to 60 cts. per pair.
Dash leather. Dull, Duck, Rubber, Drill

LOWER THAN EVER KNOWN.

Wood screws, Carriage and Tar bolts almost at the price of bar iron per lb. Ask or write for prices.
One-strap Horse blanket at 75c each.
Two-strap " " 85c "
Buffalo Robes, Lap Robes, Whips, &c., very low. Call and see them. We are selling the largest stock of goods we ever sold.

MACHINE BOLTS

from 4½ inches to 36 inches by ½x2¾.
You need not make them any more. We sell them at about the price you pay for the round iron. Think of 14½x½ machine bolts, square heads and nuts and screws for 10 to 15 cents each.

Great Reduction in Shades and Shadings.

Shades, plain, fringed and scolloped Lower than ever.
The newest styles of Dado, Picturesque and Artistic shades, beautiful in design and finish.

Horse Shoes at $4 25 Per Keg.

Steel and Iron Harrow Teeth. Tool Steel never was as low.
Cedar tubs, galvanized and iron bands, Painted Pails, Step Ladders, Mashes, Trunks, Paper Bags, &c., &c., never were as low in price and as good in quality.

Dupont's Powder,
Rifle, Mining, Eagle, Bar Lead, Shot, &c

10,000 PIECES WALL PAPERS

From five cents a bolt up to any price you want them; no trouble to show them. Come and look at them if you don't want them, just to see how pretty they are. Centres, Ceilings, Brackets Finest Stylings in plain and gilt.

SILVERWARE.

Our Silver Ware Cases will soon be open for inspection. A full brand of Sil Hollan ware, Knives, Forks, Castors, &c., will be opened at unheard of low prices.
BIRD CAGES, Japan and Brass. Our full stock just in 25 per cent lower than last season.
Brushes of all kinds. Brooms of all kinds. Very low.

On application our catalogue and price lists will be mailed to any one. Trade supplied with all our merchandise at trade prices, which on comparison will be found as low as eastern prices.

F. G. FRANCISCUS,
feb26tf Lewistown, Pa.